THE BYSTANDER
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OCTOBER 29, 1930

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH: By CLEMENCE DANE

the BYSTANDER

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Bystander,
Oct. 29, 1930 .....

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The Bystander, October 29, 1930

the BYSTANDER

No. 1402. Vol. CVIII

Paul Tanqueray.

COUNTESS HOWE.

The beautiful wife of Earl Howe, the famous racing motorist, who still is better known as Viscount Curzon, who sat for years as the Conservative Member for South Battersea.

Hay Wrightson.

LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY.

The second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, whose wedding to Mr. James Drummond-Hay, at Salisbury Cathedral in February, was one of the biggest events of the year. Her brother, Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, who is a pilot officer in the R.A.F., recently became engaged to Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon, the Duchess of York's cousin.

Keystone

The bridesmaids and pages leaving the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after the wedding of Mr. M. V. Milbank, Coldstream Guards, the eldest son of Sir Frederick and Lady Milbank, and Miss Angela Nevill, the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Guy Larnach-Nevill. They are Lady Fiona Pratt, Lady Rose McDonnell, the Misses Joan and Ruby Nevill, Margaret Hotham, Diana Henderson, Marguerite Blount and Lettice Ward, and Masters Rupert Nevill and James Ramsden

The Passing Hour

IT is good news that the official enquiry into the R 101 is being made public. This should set at rest the rumours, some cruel and some merely startling, which have been circulating round Mayfair. It is alleged, for example, that the airship had turned round and was on its way back when the disaster took place. The direction in which its nose was facing ought quickly to prove this right or wrong. But there are many other stories going round that should be quickly eliminated by the enquiry.

Secrecy

THERE still seems, however, to be no intention on the part of the authorities to make public the enquiry into the Meopham Park tragedy last July. In that case, too, rumours even more startling than the R 101 stories have been in circulation for weeks now. It would, one might think, be kinder to everyone to announce the official findings, whatever they are. The more secrecy, the more people will say that there is something very important that is being concealed.

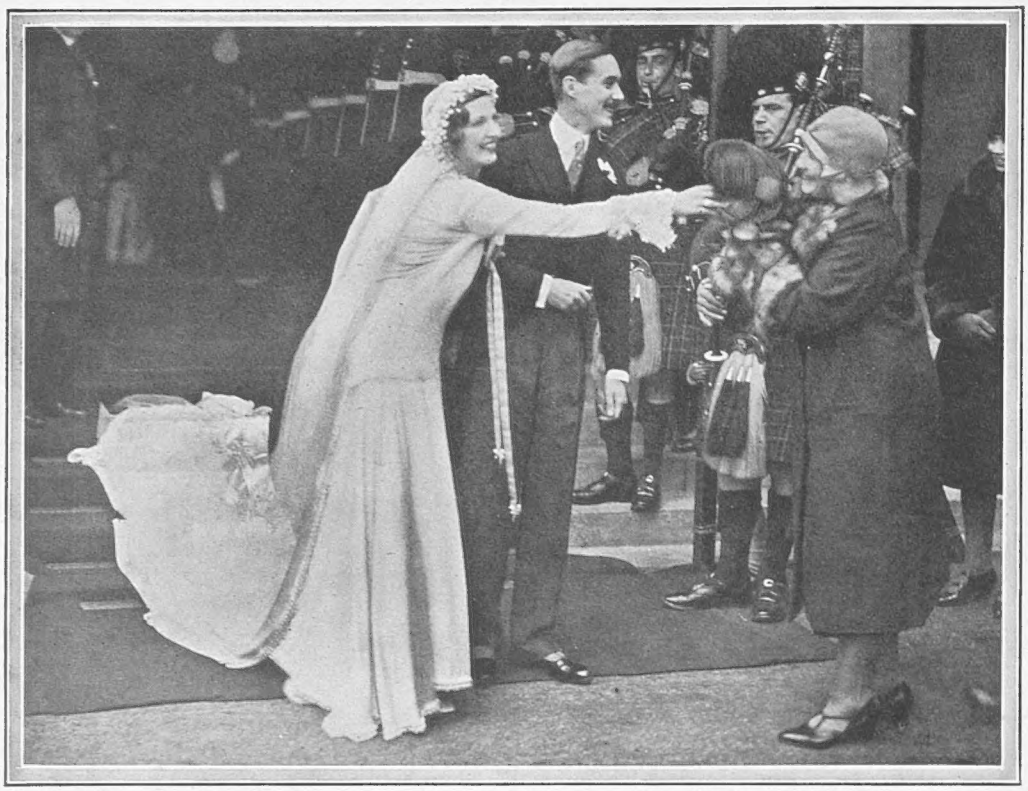
On the Wing

MEANTIME, it can hardly be expected that the Prince of Wales will stop flying as long as he is, so to speak, compelled to make so many engagements in all parts of the country. The advantage of the aeroplane was made obvious last week, when he was able to go to the last performance of *Anybody's War* at the Plaza on Monday night, spend the whole of Tuesday a hundred miles away at Yarmouth among the fisher girls,

Ian Smith

The Marquess of Graham, the elder son of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, and Miss Isobel Sellar, the younger daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel T. B. Sellar and Mrs. Sellar, leaving St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, after their wedding. The bride is wearing a necklace of pearls which were once worn by Mary Queen of Scots

IMPORTANT OCTOBER WEDDINGS



Sport and General

Mr. John Drury-Lowe, of the Scots Guards, and Miss Rosemary Hope Vere leaving the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after their wedding last week. The bride, who is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hope Vere, is seen greeting her favourite dog, which was accorded a place of honour outside the chapel

and yet be back to dinner at a West End restaurant that same evening.

A Good Memory

FOR once in a way the crux of the political position has been lying and is still lying within a stone's throw of Mayfair. South Paddington is still a most entertaining neighbourhood politically, for it is not until to-morrow that the polling takes place. Anxious to see what it was all about, I went the other night to hear Lord Beaverbrook speaking on behalf of Admiral Taylor, the Empire Crusader. It was most illuminating. Lord Beaverbrook has forgotten none of the by-election tricks he learnt as Max Aitken years ago when he first entered Parliament before the War. He is good-natured, quick as a flash at repartee, and with that strange thing called personality radiating from him in all directions.

Anxious to Learn

IN the second row of the seats at the Paddington Baths, where the meeting took place, sat Lady Diana Cooper and her M.P. husband. Both watched his every move. Mr. Duff Cooper was there, it seemed, to learn "how it is done." Gestures and intonations were as varied as you please, and quickly reduced the audience to the strictest attention. All, that is, except a young woman who screamed something about anti-vivisection. I hold no political beliefs, except privately, but I cannot help admitting how plausible Lord Beaverbrook was.

Alfieri

The Hon. Patrick Balfour and Lady Adare arriving at the Guards' Chapel for the wedding between Mr. John Drury-Lowe and Miss Rosemary Hope Vere

Keystone

Mr. Peter Eckersley and Miss Audrey Hyde-Johnson photographed after their wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bridegroom is the captain of the Lancashire county cricket team

A Test Election

IN a constituency like South Paddington, though, which contains every type of voter, it is extraordinarily difficult to forecast what the result will be. The Conservative

A VEXED QUESTION FOR BRIDES

Bassano

MISS KATHARINE RUNCIMAN

Whose engagement to the Hon. Oliver Farrer, the second son of Lord and Lady Farrer, has been announced. She is the youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P., and Mrs. Runciman

candidate, Sir H. Liddiard, feels confident that, as things have gone on before, so they will continue to go on in this Conservative constituency. I imagine the Labour candidate has not a dog's chance. Nor has Mrs. Stewart-Richardson. If the Crusader gets in, it will be a remarkable proof of how Empire-conscious the country is getting.

Balmain

The Hon. Jean Loch, the second daughter of Major-General Lord Loch and Lady Loch, and Mr. Guy Neumann, the brother of Sir Cecil Neumann, whose engagement has been announced. They are seen on the links at North Berwick

Central News

Mr. Geoffrey Noel Waldegrave, the nephew of Lord Waldegrave, and Miss Mary Grenfell passing between a guard of honour of Chelsea Pensioners after their wedding in the chapel of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. The chapel is seldom lent for weddings, but there was good reason for it being so used in this case, as the bride is a granddaughter of General the Hon. Neville Lyttelton, the Governor of the Hospital

Bound to Come

IF he fails, it will not alter the fact that Empire free trade is the only live new issue put before the electorate for a very long time. For that alone Lord Beaverbrook deserves the greatest commendation. Whether or not his particular version of Empire protection is ultimately adopted, something to save trade on those lines will have to be adopted in the near future.

A Different Decision

A BRIDE has as many decisions to make as a parliamentary candidate when it comes to her wedding plans. One of the most vital is whether to have grown-up bridesmaids, or child attendants. There are objections to both. The bridesmaids are so liable to be tiresome about the bridesmaid dresses, for it is not easy to find one particular design of one particular colour that will suit half a dozen, or even a dozen, girls of different heights, ages, and complexions.

Stage-fright

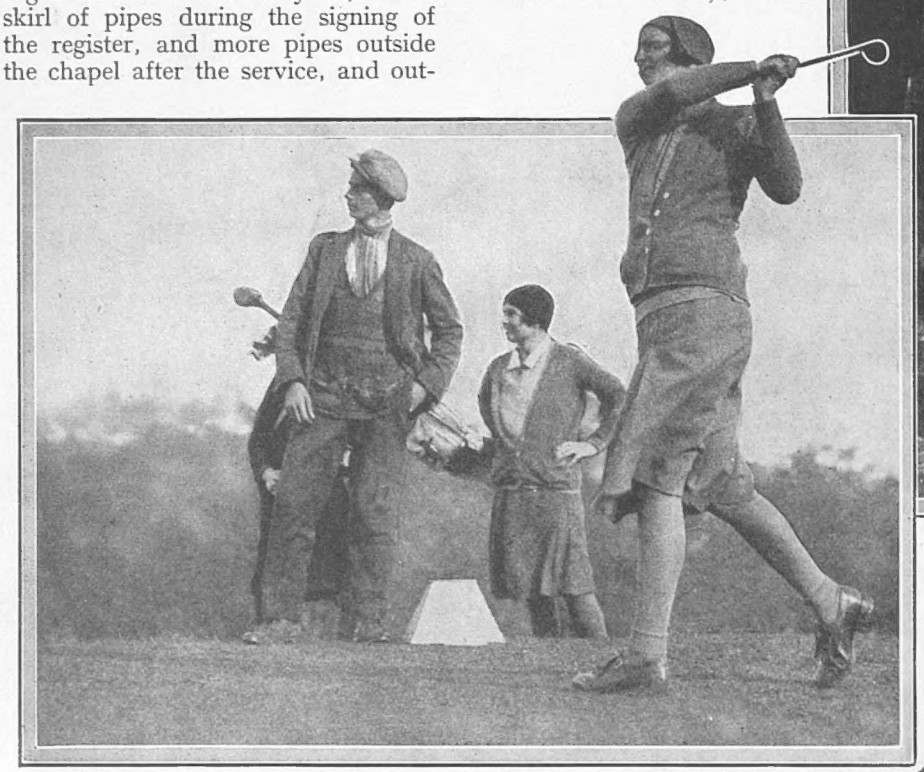
ON the other hand, child attendants are liable to get stage-fright, as occurred at Miss Rosemary Hope Vere's wedding to Mr. John Drury-Lowe at the Guards' Chapel,

WITH OUR GOLFING WOMEN

Wellington Barracks, last week. One child had to be taken on the knee of a guest sitting near the aisle. Another uttered loud yelps of enthusiasm or boredom, according to the way you interpreted them, during the service.

A Crush

THIS, being in the Guards' Chapel, was a magnificent affair, with the full band up in the place where the organ loft would normally be, and a skirl of pipes during the signing of the register, and more pipes outside the chapel after the service, and outside 21, Belgrave Square after the reception, which was one of the most crowded I have ever attended. Indeed, the new Mrs. Drury-Lowe started to faint, water had to be fetched and the windows opened wide.



Keystone

Mrs. Chesterton driving off from the fifth tee during the Surrey Ladies' County Golf Association's Open Autumn Meeting at Coulsdon Court. Mrs. Hicks, with whom she played, is seen in the background

Hatless

WHEN the bride and bridegroom finally took their departure the former was seen to leave without a hat, and so the rose petals thrown at her draped themselves gracefully in her hair. Mrs. Drury-Lowe has been one of the pioneers of taking luncheon in a restaurant without a hat, so it did not surprise me. The honeymoon is being spent in Paris and Munich. Munich is a lovely place, but inclined to be a trifle cold at this time of year. However, there is not much choice of destination in the autumn.

Amongst the Guests

LORD AND LADY LEIGH were there, and Lady Cynthia Slessor and her pretty daughter, Lady Joan Villiers; Mrs. Ansell, who nearly had her eyelashes singed by a flashlight photographer; the Maharanee of Pudukota, who was in a coloured dress—blue—for the first time for three years (the first two years being State mourning, and the third simply because she came to like black); Mr. David Tennant, who still goes on broadcasting; Mr. Edward Tatham, who was usher for about the 110th time; Lady Dufferin and her husband, who are going off to India as the guests of the new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Philip Chetwode; and goodness knows how many other people, including Lady Ashley and Mrs. de Pena.

An After-attraction

AFTER the wedding many of the guests went on to the opening of Curtiss Moffat's new galleries in Fitzroy Square, all intent on the mixture of devil-washing fetiches and up-to-date cups and saucers. Princess Obolensky, the former Alice Astor, was another visitor, and so was one of the sons of Augustus John, who showed two paintings.

Perpetual Change

IT is all very exciting—from Early Flemish to late Gold Coast. The trouble is that if you bought anything

L.N.A.

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke. She is seen in action during the Ladies' Parliamentary Golfing Association's Married versus Single match at Ranelagh

SOME "SIGNS" OF THE TIMES

Central Press

A photograph taken at Ranelagh during the Ladies' Parliamentary Golfing Association's Married versus Single match. Lady Headfort is seen driving off from the first tee, watched by her opponent, Miss Barnes Gorell

you would probably have to build a new room to fit it. Curtis Moffat's idea, though, is the Oriental one that you should hang a picture for a week, all by itself, and then, when you have drunk it in completely, so to speak, just hang up another. Very simple, you will agree.

Unrecognised

THE visitors' book at the galleries is highly entertaining. I never knew before that, if you are a Grand Duke, you write that down. However, there, plain as an ornamental pikestaff, was "Grand Duke Dmitri." There is also the signature, "Victoria Eugenie, Queen of Spain." That is more explicable. The Queen of Spain graciously paid a visit, but no one recognised her at all. So as she was leaving she made it evident to her now embarrassed guide just who she was. Other signatures are highly tell-tale. Caution, confidence, self-control, wealth, every possible kind of virtue is evident to even an amateur graphologist who makes a point of inspecting this most interesting book. You should certainly take a look at it yourself the next time you are passing that way.

Sport and General

The famous Wall Game in progress at Eton. A player is seen being hauled out of the mêlée during the match between the Oppidan Wall and Mr. G. H. Best's XI

Bulmer

The Countess of Oxford and Asquith holds up her round of golf to greet her brother, Mr. F. J. Tennant. This touching photograph was taken on the first tee at North Berwick

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

There will be a big field for the Cambridgeshire and I advise wagering with small stakes. After witnessing THE RECORDER'S fine victory at the last Newmarket meeting I must follow him for Wednesday's big race.

Six more horses for the book are :—

FLYING FRIAR was badly drawn at Newmarket and narrowly missed a place. Was warmly supported each way. Will atone soon. Won over the same course in September.

AMUSE proved a costly proposition at Newmarket but this daughter of Phalaris will pay to follow.

GOLDEN SHOWER should be followed. I supported him at Windsor. Was in front after going three furlongs, but failed to sustain the gallop.

PATRICIAN, a strapping youngster from Newmarket, was a well-backed favourite at Sandown. Lost valuable ground early in the race. Will improve.

MARCO POLO was a genuine market order at Wolverhampton. Lost ground when jumping a shadow half way down the course. Very fit at present and losses will be recovered.

REINDEER was heavily supported at Wolverhampton always at reasonable odds, and was an unlucky loser. Follow her with confidence.

HONOURING A SPORTSMAN

Topical

READY TO MOVE OFF

A photograph taken at the opening meet of the Oxford University Draghounds. It was held at Islip last week

"Some Voyage"

AN unusual, and indeed unparalleled, holiday cruise is offered to readers of THE BYSTANDER and others, under the personal control of Lieut.-Commander Stenhouse, D.S.O., the famous explorer, who commanded the Aurora during the Shackleton trans-Antarctic expedition, and the Discovery during her recent two years' voyage of scientific research. The ship—the Stella Polaris—will penetrate to the Great Ice Barrier, the limit of Southern navigation, within seven hundred miles of the South Pole, and will be the first passenger ship to cross the Antarctic Circle.

Colds Unknown

THE destination of the cruise will be the Bay of Whales, where the whaling fleets will be seen in operation. The actual route will be by way of New York, Havana, Panama Canal, Tahiti, into the Ross Sea, and back by way of Sydney, Java, Bombay, Suez Canal, and Marseilles. The trip starts on December 10, and ends on April 10, and the fare is £500. It is said, I believe, that one cannot get or keep a cold in the Antarctic, which in itself will make it worth while to a number of people who normally snuffle all through the winter.

Sir Thomas Lipton—Sportsman

ALTHOUGH Shamrock V failed to win America's Cup, her owner, Sir Thomas Lipton, won America's heart. The Americans are not slow to appreciate pluck and dogged perseverance when they see it, and the indomitable courage and sportsmanship shown by Sir Thomas in the face of what must have been a very bitter disappointment were appreciated to the full on the other side of the Atlantic. Indeed, so moved was America by the way Sir Thomas took his ill-luck that a testimonial is being given in his honour, and he will sail for New York

Lieut.-Colonel O. C. C... in the Subscribers' Class... They took...

Poole, Dublin

Lady Lambart with her magnificent Alsatian dog, Eros, in the grounds of Beau Parc, her picturesque seat on the river Boyne in County Meath. Lady Lambart, the widow of Sir Gustavus Lambart, Bt., who died in 1926, is the sister of Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon

NEWS FROM THE HUNTING FIELD

next month to receive it in person.

If at First You Don't Succeed——

As one American newspaper put it, "Robert the Bruce has nothing on Lipton," and, despite his eighty years, the veteran yachtsman—a camera portrait of whom appears on page 238—has not yet given up hope of bringing the long-coveted Cup back to this country. Plans are already advanced for the construction of Shamrock VI, and when the time comes for her to follow the examples of her elder sisters and cross the Atlantic, it is needless to say that she will take with her the good wishes of sportsmen on both sides of the "Herring Pond." Indeed, this popular sentiment has been well summed up by Lady Houston in the following little quatrain:

Here's to the sportsman so happy and gay
Whom everyone loves though he's eighty.
We drink to his health and we drink to the day
He brings back the Cup—though it's weighty!

Topical

It comes to grief at the water jump whilst competing South Oxon Farmers' Draghounds Hunter Trials. Appledurham, near Reading

Full-blown Foxes

On Saturday next fox-cubs will blossom out into either full-blown foxes, or full-blown vixens, as Nature fashioned them. According to the calendar of the chase, foxhunting proper opens on the first of November, and great preparations have been made at Melton, Market Harborough, Leicester and other famous hunting centres for what promises to be a very highly successful season.

Sport and General

The Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt, Lady Cynthia Colville, Mrs. A. G. McCorquodale, Mrs. Rosita Forbes and Lady Erleigh, discussing arrangements for the "Pageant of Superstitions," which will be a feature of the All-Hallowe'en Ball at the Park Lane Hotel on Friday next, October 31. The dresses for the tableaux have been designed by Mrs. McCorquodale, who writes novels under her maiden name of Barbara Cartland

Outlook Bright

The great majority of countries can boast a splendid show of strong, healthy foxes, and, generally speaking, the young entry is reported to have done remarkably useful work during the cubbing season. Good scenting conditions, good going, and an open winter such as we experienced last year, and everything should go merrily.

Marcus Adams

A recent photograph of Lady Pearson, the wife of Sir Neville Pearson, Bart, with her little daughter Sally. As Miss Gladys Cooper, she is known to lovers of the theatre all the world over

Specially photographed for THE BYSTANDER *By Howard Coster*

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, K.C.V.O.

The famous owner of the "Shamrock" yachts with which he has been striving for so many years to bring back America's Cup to this country. Undismayed by the recent defeat of "Shamrock V," the veteran sportsman is now busily planning yet another yacht with which to capture the coveted Cup

CLEMENCE DANE on THE BOOK OF THE MONTH: "MOSAIC"

By G. B. STERN

(Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.)

MISS STERN is a poacher with a nerve! Not for her "a shiny night in the season of the year," with stealthy sneakings from patch to patch of black shadow; not for her the sack of rabbits hidden in a ditch, to be retrieved when the keeper has gone home to breakfast. She poaches in broad daylight, swings her sack over her shoulder, and strides triumphantly down the high road, regardless of keepers!

LOOK at her new book, *Mosaic*. In order to write it she has poached on her own preserves. She has gone through her finest book, *Tents of Israel*, and its sequel, *A Deputy Was King*, and lifted from these two tales all that made them the great, rollicking, triumphant stories they are, and has constructed another equally important book out of the loot. For *Mosaic* uses the same run-through of periods, the same family, the same theme, practically the same plot. The only real difference is this: that the minor characters in the first books become the principal characters in the third.

NOW you will admit that to do such a thing as this is to take a very big risk indeed. But Miss Stern and the poacher are gamblers who enjoy a dangerous game, and are quite ready to take a chance of failing horribly, because they know that if they do succeed, the game will be worth the candle. For all the rest of us law-abiding folk may pretend to be shocked, but really we shall admire them enviously.

WELL, Miss Stern has taken her risk, and won: and I confess that I do admire her for venturing so madly. I cannot think of another writer who has attempted to do such a thing, certainly never one who has been successful. Many writers, from Trollope to Galsworthy, have used the same characters in book after book, but not even Trollope, I think, has ever duplicated his principal character and practically duplicated the plan of the story also. But this Miss Stern does for us. In *Tents of Israel* the matriarch, the magnificent Anastasia, rules all her family and friends by sheer force of personality. Berthe Czelovar is another matriarch with practically the same characteristics, the same faults, the same virtues, the same absurdities. Anastasia has her throne in London. Berthe reigns in Paris. Rich, handsome, good-hearted, and without delicacy of spirit, she bludgeons people into believing that her atrocious singing is worth listening to, just as she bludgeons her friends, her husband, her relations into doing as she bids them. For she is sure that she knows best, and is sure that her mouse of a sister, Letti, in particular, could not manage to breathe without her.

MISS G. B. STERN

Whose new novel, "Mosaic" is the Book Society's choice for the month

SHE has courage, too. She faces the losing of her money very much better than the matriarch did, becomes a successful dealer in antiques, and with each new success, becomes more grandiloquent, more fantastic, more a creature out of a grand and happy nightmare.

SHE succeeds, of course, because she is so complete, so lovable an egoist that nobody has the heart to tell her the truth about herself. But, in the end, her demands on life become too outrageous, she completely loses her sense of proportion, and she is defeated, shockingly defeated by the pitiless Englishwoman Millie, who is quite unable to endure Berthe and all she represents. The meeting of the acidulated Artemis, Millie, and the demented Demeter, Berthe, is perhaps the best thing in the book, wildly funny and very nearly tragic. For Berthe, with the best intentions in the world, tries to capture and domesticate Millie's husband and family, and is prepared to bear with Millie herself. But Millie tells her why the dream can't come true.

"PEOPLE can't live with you. Nobody could. Even your sister seems to have had enough of it, though I expect you've worn her thin. . . . You can't go on terrorising people like that. . . ." Yet "terrorising" was not exactly what she meant. Millie struggled for words, but could not quite explain. "It isn't exactly that you're a tyrant. . . ." Too eternally humoured for a tyrant! Yet she had a conviction, because she was no fool, that it was death to live for a length of time with anyone who could not see herself. But how could she say what she meant, with that old woman standing there, rigid, staring at her with those Chinese eyes, wide open for once? "You know nothing about yourself—not a thing. You believe you're wonderful, that you can sing like a goddess and rule all Paris, and everyone adores you and can't do without you. You think—good God, I don't know what you don't think, when it's about yourself! As for other people, you don't think of them at all!"

SO Berthe hears the truth, yet not all the truth. For clever Millie, who sees her so clear, doesn't see the redeeming quality. Berthe can love other people even though she doesn't think about them.

TASTES differ: it is possible that some readers will find *Mosaic* as overwhelming as Berthe and fight shy of it. People who loathe Rubens, are bored by Rabelais, never have weeds in their gardens, or holes in their stockings, or dogs on chairs, will dislike it. But for people who enjoy noise on occasion, and who buy their flowers for preference from the flower-coster, this is the book! It is also a book for lovers of good writing. To write of riot calmly: to write with distinction of vulgarity and dispassionately of nerves: to do this is to delight the reader who reads for the manner as much as the reader who reads for the matter of a book. C. D.

AT THE PLAY

MELODRAMA AS SERVED UP

"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET," AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

Robert Browning (Scott Sunderland) who, by marrying her, rescued Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett from an unhappy home in Wimpole Street

"The Lyons Mail" at the Savoy Theatre

IT is indicative of the power of personality that the revival of *The Lyons Mail* by Sir John Martin Harvey at the Savoy Theatre at once conjures up the great figure—for he *was* a great figure—of Sir Henry Irving. Almost every critic in noticing this play has mentioned Irving, including those young gentlemen who were in their cradles when he was in the plenitude of his power.

NO matter what was put on at the old Lyceum Theatre—which, with its faded Pompeiian decorations, was about as cheerful as a mausoleum—Irving used to draw the town, and the dual rôle of the good Lesurques and the evil Dubosc was nearly always included in his revivals.

I CAN recall for two distinct reasons the second time I saw Irving in these parts. First, because he played magnificently, and, secondly, because he showed presence of mind in a situation which would have appalled any actor less quick in the uptake.

AT one moment of the play Irving, as the villainous Dubosc, is locked in a room and tries to escape. He has to go to a door and find his egress barred. Irving went to that door, pulled at it savagely—and the door opened! In the case of most actors that would have put paid to the play.

IRVING never paused. He strode straight off the stage, and, after a decent interval, returned with the remark: "The outer door is barred," feigned to lock the door which should never have opened and continued his part as if nothing had happened! Can that be beaten for presence of mind? I doubt it!

BUT it is not only the association with Irving which makes *The Lyons Mail* so interesting. This revival shows the sort of thing that grandpa and grandma—not to mention their offspring—ate with avidity! And, having seen this revival, I am of opinion that even a less sophisticated age could not have appreciated this play unless there was a really great actor in those principal parts.

CHARLES READE adapted this play from the French in those far-off, happy days when an English dramatist could sneak a French author's work and pay not a penny-piece for the privilege! Produced first in 1854 at the Princess's—which still exists in a derelict state in Oxford Street—under the title of *The Courier of Lyons*, Irving somewhat altered Reade's version when first acting in it at the Lyceum twenty-three years later. It is this latter version which Sir John Martin-Harvey is using, and if this is a better one than the original, the first must have been a terrible affair!

FOUNDED on a French trial, this story of an innocent man closely resembling another—Adolph Beck provides an English counterpart—and being convicted in consequence—is a basis for good melodrama, but Charles Reade, or the French author, makes a bit of a botch of it—at least, to modern playgoers' taste.

IT is not only the construction which offends—even though the author seems to suppose that every member of the audience could not possess a grain of sense—but also the turgid dia-

Edward Moulton-Barrett (Cedric Hardwicke) hardly overcome with joy on being presented by his daughter, Henrietta (Marjorie Mars) to Captain Surtees Cook (Harry Wilcoxon) in the character of a fiancé

BY SIR HENRY IRVING

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

SKETCHES OF "THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET," AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

BY H. H. HARRIS

Edward Moulton-Barrett (Cedric Hardwicke) startles his invalid daughter, Elizabeth (Gwen ffrangcon-Davies), by revealing to her the secrets of a rather nasty mind

logue which occasionally verges on the comic. Thus, for instance, Dubosc's ex-mistress—the only woman he ever loved!—denounces her paramour as "robber, murderer," and then adds, "parasite"! Could any man with feeling for the stage, or even the value of words, put them in that order? The anti-climax is almost as apparent as if the character had said, "Seducer, assassin and—naughty boy"!

But, though as old-fashioned as can be, this play is worth seeing. It possesses the early Victorian flavour of those quaint samplers done in silk which are, because of their age and present rarity, fetching good prices nowadays. Also, it has not been spoilt in production by attempted modernisation by Sir John Martin-Harvey, who is steeped in the Irving tradition. Indeed, he appeared at the Lyceum in 1891 as the boy Joliquet, which in this revival is played for some mysterious reason—and well played, too, I may add—by a girl, M. Cameron.

Now, Sir John is not Sir Henry—and he would be the first to admit it, I am sure—but he plays the part as it should be played, giving dignity to goodness and devilry to evil. J. Fisher White also preserves old traditions as the father who believes his good son guilty, while others of a later vintage, so to speak, who can make this old play less ridiculous than it is, are Charles Carson as the debonair villain, and Frederick Moyes, an authoritative magistrate. Muriel Martin Harvey is also delightfully in key with the period, but for once in a way Edmund Gwenn was ill-suited. His scoundrelly, bucolic horse-dealer was far more in keeping with Weller senior than any French character ever was, or ever could be.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," at the Queen's Theatre

The sketches by H. H. Harris this week are of characters in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, a play I praised highly a few weeks ago. But although I thought this the best thing which Rudolf Besier has done—and he has been responsible for some excellent comedies—I was rather afraid it would not hit the public taste. I am glad my fears were unnecessary, for this historical comedy has caught on, as it deserved to do; for not only is it a good play, but it is a vehicle for some first-class acting. Cedric Hardwicke adds another fine portrait to his gallery of character studies, and Gwen ffrangçon-Davies makes of the poetess, who afterwards became Elizabeth Barrett-Browning, a most interesting and appealing figure.

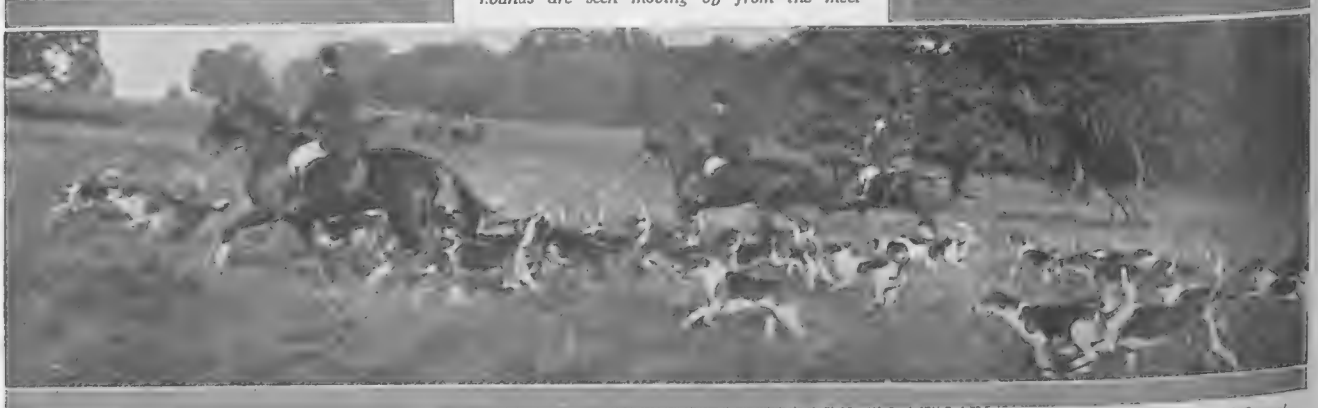
V. W.

Bella Hedley (Joan Barry), a simpering Victorian miss, for whom Mr. Edward Moulton-Barrett possesses a more than avuncular regard

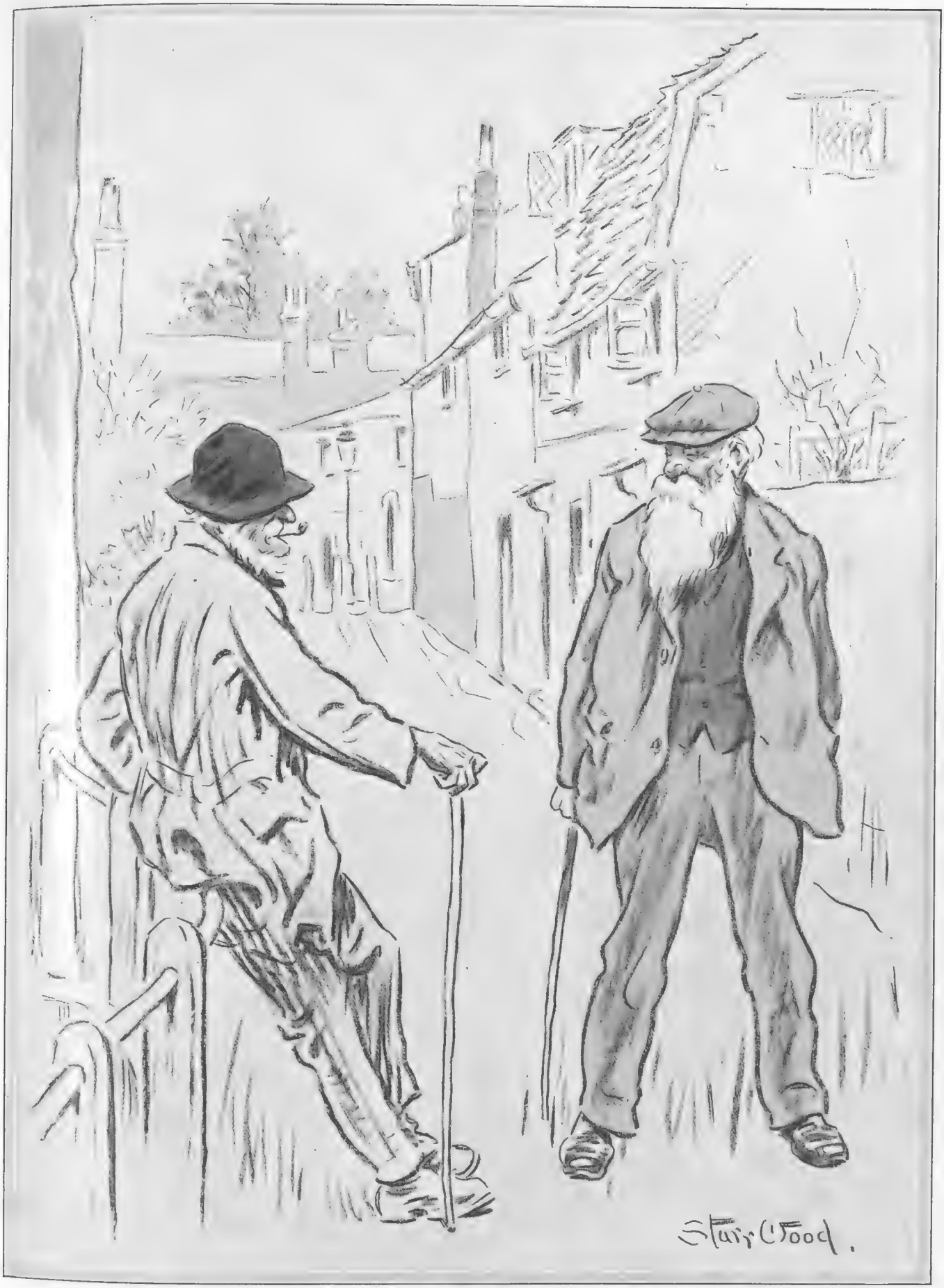
In The Saddle In October

CUBBING WITH THE HERTFORDSHIRE

THE accompanying photographs were taken at a recent cubbing meet of the Hertfordshire, under the Mastership of Mr. W. H. Cooper, at The Hoo, Kimpton, the residence of Viscount Hampden. Above is seen a general view of the meet, with the Earl of Cavan, who was present (inset). Below, hounds are seen moving off from the meet



Photographs *Sport and General*



BY STARR WOOD

"You enjoy pretty good 'ealth, don't yer, Bert?"

"Yes, and I puts it down to 'aving a bath every three months if I want one or not!"

If — — — Gossip

Now that the tumult of the Motor Show is over and the captains and the kings of the industry have departed from Olympian heights into more or less private life, let us ponder for a moment on the tumult of motor cars themselves, so far as the streets of London are concerned.

Cars of nearly all prices can, we know, glide along as quietly as swans in these days of improvement after improvement, and in the hands of the majority of drivers most of them do so. But there is a small minority, and, like most small minorities, it is a noisy one. It is composed of what I may term, generically, the younger and nastier brother of the Road Hog—the Motor Cad.

THE Road Hog still exists. He is found "cutting in" on fine Sundays on the arterial roads, and behaving as hoggishly as he did twenty years ago. Sometimes, fortunately, he kills himself. Sometimes, unfortunately, he kills other people. But, with all his faults, he does not evoke in me the homicidal itch to the extent the Motor Cad does. The Motor Cad infests, as such, the West End streets by night rather than country roads by day. You know him well.

HE owns, or at any rate, drives, an open car, showy, expensive and powerful. He wears a top hat and a white silk muffler, but rarely an overcoat. He lolls so far back in his seat that the steering wheel is well above the level of a narrowish forehead. And he shoots at incredible speed along a residential street at any hour between 11 p.m. and 3 a.m., "honking" fortissimo and allowing his car to give a fair imitation of a Lewis gun.

The Motor Cad cannot be let off lightly on a charge of mere thoughtlessness. He is not thoughtless. He knows quite well what he is doing. Somewhere in his caddish little soul is embedded the idea that it is rather brave to drive at an absurd pace when there is no traffic about.

There is, however, more vanity than bravery about him, for he is as vain as a peacock and about as brainless. He is, of course, a speed maniac (and I venture to think that all speed maniacs, at all times and in all places, are just damn silly); but still

MRS. A. J. MUNNINGS Douglas

The wife of the famous R.A., whose equine studies are so well known, with the three dogs which accompany her everywhere. She is an excellent horsewoman and is seen wearing a riding habit which she designed herself

Photographs

Grock, the greatest clown since Grimaldi, whose retirement is again reported, is said to be determined to make no more "come-backs" this time. On the left he is seen in the make-up which is known in music-halls the world over; and on the right, in the garden of his villa at Imperia, on the Italian Riviera, where he will live in strict obscurity as Adrian Wettach

Must.

SAFETY FIRST!

The Chelsea Divisional Association of the United Empire Party recently had a motion to exclude from the two governing bodies such people as those who have been through bankruptcy proceedings, have been criminally convicted, have been co-respondents in divorce cases, office holders in other political parties, or attached to the staff of any newspaper.

BEWARE, beware, the Journalists
Who seek for office in our Party,
And shun those coarse and vulgar men
Who earn their living by their pen,
And, so it's whispered, now and then
Drink deep and very hearty,
For it is palpably absurd
To give posts to the common herd!

Yes, all such folk as Journalists
We view through glasses far from rosy,
For though they mayn't have been to jail,
Or stolen wives with morals frail,
A pressman's almost sure to fail
(Besides he's often nosy!),
And we in Chelsea daren't neglect
To cultivate our self-respect!

Yes, we will bar all Journalists,
The Fourth Estate is really ghastly,
For though in fairness we confess
Our cause was sponsored by the Press,
In fact, 'twas made by it, no less,
We mistrust pressman vastly,
And so we state in accents strong,
In Chelsea write is always wrong!

B. W.

more is he an egomaniac. His speed and the series of explosions that accompany it are arranged to impress spectators.

One eccentric nobleman periodically used to get into trouble for firing a revolver at the tyres of Motor Cads. A drastic remedy and, I fear, an impossible one. But there are times (though not many) when I wish London were like Chicago, where one can just "bump off" people who annoy one, and then slip along a fat wad of notes to the judge.

IN spite of all this, however, this side of the Atlantic is more comfortable than the other, which is doubtless why Mr. William Randolph Hearst prefers it. I was rather surprised to find a journal which is usually sound in its judgments dug up the question of Mr. Hearst's expulsion from France, declaring that it would have an adverse effect on France's American tourist traffic.

I AM quite certain it will have no such effect, for Americans are far too fond of uplift, mental or alcoholic, and usually both, among the French to worry a bag of pea-nuts as to what happens to Mr. Hearst. But the question is deeper than that. France shot out Hearst because her nationalism is robust enough not to tolerate in her midst a man who is unfriendly to her, and who conducted anti-French propaganda from her capital.

I WISH to goodness England had as much horse-sense in these matters. Mr. Hearst, who is just as bitter an enemy of England as he is of France, and in his newspapers, which are enough to make any decent Englishman squirm, attacks us as virulently as ever he did, owns an English castle, reads in English papers almost daily accounts of its glories, pops up to London to be interviewed, and is treated generally not only with toleration but with deference.

I imagine that William Randolph not infrequently thinks on this, parks a piece of chewing-gum on a thirteenth-century fireplace at

Yvonne Gregory

NORAH SWINBURNE

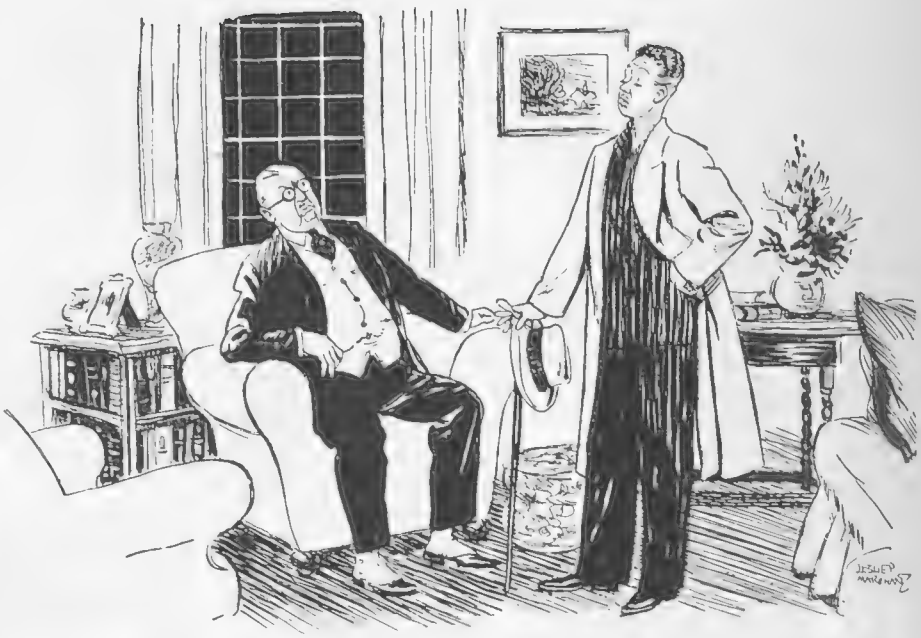
Who plays one of the chief parts in "Lucky Dip," a new comedy by Frank Vosper. It was produced at the Comedy Theatre last week

BY STAN TERRY

"That wath a nithe little lot you palmed off on me as British goods—ain't it?"
"Vell, ath I had 'em in stock theven years I thought they had become naturalised!"

St. Donats, and has a good "laff," for which I do not blame him. But it is a joke I find impossible to relish.

THE BYSTANDER has had some hard things to say of Mr. Baldwin, but we cannot quarrel with that clause in the recent statement of his policy which intimates that increase of direct taxation is to have no part in it. This, however, sends the *Daily Herald* into paroxysms of rage. Any suggestion that income tax will not be increased brings out their good old vote-catching stuff, the line taken in this case being that with income tax remaining as it is, the millionaires, multi-millionaires, and so forth, do not pay their fair share towards maintaining the services of the State, despite the very heavy death duties paid in addition.



By Leslie Marchant

"My daughter tells me you are worth over ten thousand pounds"

"That's right, sir. Expectation of life, thirty-five years—salary, three hundred. Thirty-five by three hundred—well, you can work it out for yourself!"

"NIPPY" Stage Photo Co.

Binnie Hale as she appears in the title rôle of "Nippy," the new musical comedy which has just concluded a successful try-out in the provinces. It opens to-morrow (Thursday) at the Prince Edward Theatre

Eileen Eley, one of our younger actresses, who is showing great promise in her career. She added to her reputation when appearing in "All that Glitters," when it was running at the Duke of York's Theatre

THE calm assumption of the leading article in question that all income tax payers are wealthy people is irritating enough. Does he not realise that the whole burden of direct taxation is carried by less than two million people, most of whom have a pretty hard struggle to pay it and to live and educate their own children—strangely enough at their own expense? Another assumption is that the income tax payers do not pay indirect taxation in addition. But the number of income tax payers is comparatively few, while many millions, all with votes, do not pay it at all. So the policy of the organ of Labour goes merrily on. Is it likely that the many are going to vote for any decrease of the burden of those who help to support them? There has never been a more glaring or more tragic instance of democracy at its most corrupt than this England of ours in 1930. The Socialists and their Press are on Tom Tiddler's ground. Well do they know it.

A DOG'S LIFE *Keystone View*

Members of the Dogs' Bath Club in Kensington introducing their owners to the American Bar. At this club dogs can get a bath, a wash-and-brush-up, and other assistance to canine beauty

THE *Daily Herald* further tells its readers that the Conservatives will make the housewife "pay more for fruit, vegetables, meat, bacon and eggs," and a few sentences farther down it tells the farmers that the Conservatives also "withhold all hope for the producers of milk, eggs, and bacon."

If the price of bacon and eggs is to be raised, how is there no hope for the producers of bacon and eggs?

BY STARR WOOD

SHE: "I think a man's clothes should always match his hair. A man with black hair should wear black clothes; a man with brown hair, brown clothes, and so on."

HE: "But suppose a man is bald!"

MUCH has been heard of late of the literally terrific noise made by dance bands in restaurants. Mr. Johnny Hamp (from America) has an excellent band, which is in full blast at the Kit-Cat. The other night I was having supper there with Colonel Jones, who is the presiding deity of the place. "Why is the band so loud?" I screamed at him. He didn't hear, of course. So we adjourned to a room where the band merely sounded like the quiet whisper of pneumatic road drills. "Why is the band so loud?" I screamed again. "Because people like it," screamed back the gallant Colonel. "As a matter of fact, Johnny Hamp prefers to play softly, but whenever he starts to play softly at the Kit-Cat he receives notes and protests by the dozen asking him for more noise and more ginger. So, naturally, he has to comply."

Stage Photo Co.

Mai Bacon and Jerry Verno in one of the many amusing scenes from "Eldorado," the successful musical comedy now running at the Empire. A special matinée of this play is to be given on November 6, in aid of the Middlesex Hospital, where Désirée Ellinger, who plays the lead in "Eldorado," was recently a patient following a motor car accident

AFTER that, my admiration for the nerves of the post-War generation is indeed profound.

A short fur coat of broadtail fur for smart afternoon wear by Molyneux with little shoulder cape outlined with fox fur ; with it is worn a slightly gathered black cloth skirt. Model Molyneux

THE FASH

By BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

AMONGST the many dress details about which our views have had to be readjusted is the question of furs and their treatment. Until recently we had placidly placed them in various well-known categories as fox, sable, marten, chinchilla, seal, and let it go at that. But when French couturiers evolved the daring plan of shaving some, dyeing others, and working the supple flat ones like material, they opened up a new vista for their use.

THIS year in particular has fur been used in interesting ways. This year, too, has seen the definite adoption of the short fur coat. Like the cape, it has been tentatively suggested for some seasons past, but only this season have both met with such success. One explanation, of course, is that the short fur coat is the obvious accompaniment of the longer skirt, for increasing the length of the coat to match the skirt would at once make it a cumbersome, heavy affair that would not be in the least practical. The short jacket is therefore the natural alternative.

IT is very successful in its presentation in such flat furs as broadtail, astrakhan and caracul ; even seal has shown signs of coming into favour again. Then there is pony and gazelle in lesser demand. Everywhere, too, in the lesser-priced furs is the ubiquitous rabbit, which is sheared and dyed until, under various genteel names of coney or lapin, it has become almost unrecognisable.

THE beautiful angora rabbit makes fur remarkably like fox, while the persian cat is among the also rans. Why people should sanction the breeding of rabbits for their fur and be horrified that cats should be similarly used is a little inexplicable. Why it is cruel to kill and skin a cat but not cruel to kill and skin a rabbit seems hard to explain. Certainly the one is the easiest creature in the world to "put down," while the other is the most difficult, with its proverbial nine lives. But this is, of course, by the way.

EVENING OF FUR

BESIDES the short coat there are many deep capes and fur tippets shown, particularly with muffs, and so insistent was this fashion one cannot disregard it as a passing phase. Molyneux made some deep-pointed capes with long coats which were detachable, while an attractive fur set from Patou is illustrated here. Quite a new idea was exploited when the tops of coats were made of fur, either as yokes, capes, or boleros, while Premet used fur bows inlet into little winter dresses. The simulated fur on the new "fur cloths" is surprisingly popular, and, of course, far less expensive. They have been made impervious to rain by some special dressing which renders them most practical.

WHILE the price of furs is down as low as it has been for a decade, the rarer kinds of fine quality remain high enough. The finest silver fox when well marked and soft in quality has a chic it is difficult to replace, and it can generally command a high figure. Ermine is still the perfect evening fur, also at a royal price. It fashions the short evening coat in the most exquisite manner. Chinchilla is rarer than ever, while the real Russian sable is practically unprocurable. Lynx is also a becoming fur one sees quite often.

I NOTICE more and more American furs. What is known as American opossum appears occasionally on the collar of a coat. It is easily distinguishable by its very long silvery hairs, as is the civet cat by its distinct black and white markings. That typically American garment the racoon fur coat has not to my knowledge made its appearance in London yet, though no self-respecting American student, male or female, is without one, as it is hard wearing and good looking.

FUR is used on hats a great deal and promises to be more than ever in vogue as winter approaches. Astrakhan, galyac, and ermine are those principally used, and hat shapes are definitely approaching the bonnet. Feather fantasies are used which either go shooting upwards like rockets or droop downwards on the cheek. Hats are still cap-like affairs, cut off the forehead and nape of the neck and drooping downwards on either one or both cheeks, while the beret effect remains.

THE following is a sad tale I was told in Paris of British business methods:—

I was choosing models to be illustrated for BYSTANDER readers, and admired certain materials I was glad to learn were British. But these, I was also told, could not be repeated. Orders had been placed with the English travellers who had solicited them, and several models made at the usual high cost of time and skill. Then repeat orders came thick and fast, but the *English house had closed down during the entire month of August while the staff went on holiday!* Nothing could therefore be delivered until September. Communications grew more frenzied, for buyers naturally could not wait till then, so the goods had to be cancelled. Not only were large orders lost, but confidence was destroyed. August in England is the holiday month, but all through August Paris works day and night on its dress trade. There buyers of the world are buying. England, alas! has apparently forgotten how to work and only desires to be indolent and play. Later our own buyers buy lazily from the German copy houses, and we get our "Paris" models through them! Seemingly cheaper, but in reality at what an unemployment cost to us!

A charming example of the fur cape and muff vogue carried out in snowy ermine edged with a fringe of little black tails. *Model Jean Patou*

The top photograph shows some of the eighty-seven aeroplanes that feature in "Hell's Angels," seen just before one of the spectacular battles in the air. Mr. Howard Hughes, the producer of this picture, bought the fleet of aeroplanes, and is himself a licensed pilot and the owner of several speedy 'planes which he flies himself

The left-hand photograph shows the observer's car being lowered from the Zeppelin to direct the dropping of bombs in the air raid over London. A scene in United Artists' latest film, "Hell's Angels," in which 227,000 air miles were flown for the cameras

Above: A fight between James Hall and a brother officer is narrowly averted by their friends, in "Hell's Angels," the picture which opened at the London Pavilion this week

Below: James Hall is challenged by Baron von Krautz to a duel, and German officers call on him to arrange details. "Hell's Angels" is an all-talking, all-sound, part-colour film, directed and produced by Mr. Howard Hughes, whose previous pictures have proved financial successes

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THE GARTH FROM H

The country hunted by the Garth lies in Berkshire, Hampshire and Surrey, and is of the bank and hedge-and-ditch type which

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BY F. A. STEWART

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE RETURN OF FAIK-DIN

BY JOHN KENT

No well-brought-up young lady should address her prospective father-in-law as an "Unmentionable winebibber and defiler of graves."

Faik Zenel, fisherman and dreamer, regarded the speaker, a woman of nineteen who had been his son's betrothed for some sixteen years, with as severe a stare as his easy-going and indolent nature would permit. Before, however, he could formulate his views on the subject of modern Mohammedan womanhood into speech Yashmina was at him again.

"Hast thou forgotten, fat one, that Faik-din, thy son and my future husband, returns in ten little days?"

"Hast given me an opportunity to forget, shameless child?" demanded her outraged victim.

"And with what result? Each day have I implored thee to go to Tirana to interview that unjust crow, Fanoli the President, of whose friendship thou art never tired of boasting (though Allah knows he will have forgotten the days when you and he played brigand in the mountains together. Before you became fat,)" she added vindictively. "And each day you say, Nesser, to-morrow." Already the polite form of address had gone by the board, for Yashmina was really angry. The danger signals, two bright patches of carmine, flew high on her biscuit-tinted cheeks. "Has it occurred to you that Faik-din will arrive from America, educated, eager, and . . . perhaps very lovable. . . ." The carmine became more general now, for, oddly enough, there was a deep bond of affection between these young people, which was unusual in these affairs. "With nothing to do," she continued, "but open a small shop, even if he is lucky enough not to be called up at once for his military service? Will you do *nothing* for your son? Are you content to see him stagnate for two years, slouching about the streets of Scutari in an evilly fitting uniform, with no greater ambition than to be made a kapter, a sergeant, after four years of travel and study in America? Are all my entreaties in vain? Must I humble myself before you?"

"Allah, Allah," said Faik very quickly, "that would certainly be a novelty." He spat dexterously over the side of the boat and heaved himself to his feet.

"Listen, Yashmina. To-day I will go to His Excellency. If I can see him I will remind him of his promise to appoint Faik-din to his staff. If he agrees, then I pray you leave me in peace till you can exercise that tongue of yours against your husband, whom Allah pity."

Yashmina uncoiled her slim legs and thoughtfully regarded the embroidered toe of her little shoe.

"*Dear* Faik Zenel," she cooed, "how wonderful it is to deal with a man of action."

Faik regarded her suspiciously, but silently pulled in his nets. The boat drifted on the tide towards the jetty. Neither spoke again, Yashmina being too engrossed in dreams of a rosy future in the shadow of the Presidential Court, and Faik not daring to break a silence which, as a relief, he valued very highly.

It will be seen that Yashmina was by no means an ordinary type of Albanian girl.

Decidedly pretty and slim to more westerly eyes, she was regarded as odd-looking and almost skinny by Albanian standards. She was a good Mohammedan, in spite of her modern outlook on life, which she had acquired during her three years at the Roberts College in Stamboul.

In addition to her own tongue she could speak Turkish and French, and it was rumoured that she could also speak English. This was, however, an exaggeration. She spoke tolerable American.

On account of these things she was regarded with awe by most of the inhabitants of Durres, the main seaport, where she lived with her mother, and was permitted to exercise a greater freedom and licence in her behaviour than is usual in that country. She had not attempted to adopt European dress, as even now an unveiled woman is subject to severe comment in Albania.

Arrived at the jetty, she adjusted the yashmak which she had allowed to fall in the privacy of Faik's boat, and clambered out, conscious of a duty ably performed, while her irate father-in-law-to-be made all secure for the night, groaning at the injustice of fate which, after permitting him successfully to bury three wives, yet still left him the victim of a chattering woman's tongue.

"Go, fat man," jeered the gorgeously attired aide, regarding him superciliously. "His Excellency requires no fish."

"Go, popinjay," retorted Faik, "and inquire if His Excellency requires friends."

This, although Faik did not realise it, was a palpable hit, as at this time Fanoli's unpopularity was making the need for friends daily more pressing.

The popinjay therefore went.

Faik waited unhappily in the uncomfortable ante-room, sincerely trusting by now that the interview would be refused. After all, he would then have a reasonable excuse to offer Yashmina, and would avoid a singularly unpleasant quarter of an hour.

On reflection, however, he decided that the prospect of offering a reasonable excuse to Yashmina (of whom he was secretly terrified) was even less preferable to trying to ingratiate himself with Fanoli Pasha (of whom he was openly in dread).

The very ante-room, tastefully furnished in crimson plush and gilt, had (if Faik had but known it) the air of a dentist's waiting room, and was quite sufficient to destroy any thrill he might have had at the forthcoming reunion with his old friend and partner in crime.

Faik wriggled his toes unhappily and wondered if he would have time to smoke a cigarette.

As he was finishing his ninth he heard the aide returning. Hastily crushing out the stub he hid it in the pocket of his heavily embroidered white felt trousers. He felt no happier, and was still undecided as to the lesser evil which lay before him.

The aide jingled into the room. Much to his surprise he had been ordered to bring Faik to the President. Indeed, the aide's obvious disgust was the only morsel of satisfaction which Faik derived from this information.

Even this slight comfort was quickly dispelled when he was ushered into the exalted presence of His Excellency.

His worst fears were justified.

Gone was the cheerful robber of old, and in his place sat a pompous, perfumed and curled man of affairs. Clothed, so it seemed to Faik, almost entirely in gold lace, and toying with the plated Turkish scimitar which had replaced the heavy yatagan of the brigand, here was a man of whom it was impossible to ask favours or from whom to expect them. Fanoli, sensing at once that he would be expected to give and not to receive, ignored Faik's tentative reference to the past, and determined to cut short what bade fair to be an unprofitable interview.

Illustrated by F. STOCKS MAY

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"Why have you come to me, fisherman?" he demanded.

The answer to this was easy, but then Fanoli did not know Yashmina.

Faik hastily went through the motions of placing dust on his breast, mouth and brow.

"To inquire, Your Excellency," he lied, "if all goes well with thee."

"And also . . . ?"

"To assure Your Excellency of my devoted friendship . . ." but catching His Excellency's eye he hastily substituted "service."

"And also . . . ?"

"To . . . to . . . respectfully to remind Your Excellency that my son Faikdin, whom Your Excellency will—may possibly — remember, returns from America in ten short days."

"This is indeed glad news for the State," sneered Fanoli. "And also . . . ?"

"To crave from Your Excellency"—Fanoli grunted, and Faik groped for more imaginary dust —"to crave from Your Excellency an appointment for him on Your Excellency's staff as Your Excellency promised when Your Excellency . . ."

"Enough!" snapped the President.

Faik felt he was right. Anyhow, it was out now, and he would soon be able to get back to his less disturbing occupation of fishing for ordinary fish.

"WHO are you that you should remind me of my promises, should dare to grovel about my palace expecting favours, should dare to talk of friendship and expect returns for it? What have you brought but friendship?"

Faik didn't quite grasp the trend of this outburst.

"What else have you brought?"

Suddenly Fanoli's manner changed.

"Listen, brother. You and I have . . . er . . . hunted together in the past. I do not admit that I promised anything, but these things can, of course, be arranged. It is not right, nor indeed is it loyal, to expect preferential treatment unless one is prepared to make a slight—a very slight—donation to, shall we say, political funds."

He paused, but Faik's mind, faint but pursuing, had not yet adjusted itself to this new situation.

"Listen, Faik Zenel. For the small sum—in fact, the minimum sum of three hundred napoleons your son shall stand amid my staff. You will, of course, realise that I do not ask this idly. Indeed, I desire no discussion upon the matter. It is just a question of Yea or Nay. What say you, Faik Zenel?"

Now there was a great deal that Faik Zenel wanted to say. To start with he wanted to describe exactly what he felt about Fanoli Pasha. But this would have led to immediate imprisonment, and he was wise enough to refrain.

He also wanted to point out that one napoleon, or sixteen English shillings, would keep him in comfort for about a fortnight, and that, although he had by careful economy collected a little hoard which reposed beneath his hearthstone, yet the entire amount did not exceed a third of the President's demand.

He made, however, goaded by love of his son and fear of Yashmina's tongue, a tentative offer of this amount.

Fanoli instantly became a President again.

"Out, dog!" he thundered. "Do you dare to insult me by offering me a small sum of money? Am I a brother fisherman to be treated in this off-hand manner? Pig, father of pigs and descendant of a long line of pigs, go, and come you not back"—and his voice softened—"till you can produce the full amount, when I will talk with you again." He struck a small gong:

"The interview is ended," he said.

More dust, a hasty groping for shoes, and Faik found himself out in the lobby again, under the supercilious stare of the gilded aide.

"Hast enjoyed the interview, toady of Princes?" smirked the aide.

"More than thou wilt enjoy our next meeting, Prince of Toadies," snarled Faik, and strode out to the dusty road which would lead him back to his fishing nets and a much-to-be-dreaded explanation to Yashmina.

IT was only natural that Faik should be very seriously annoyed with his future daughter-in-law. She it was who had goaded him into seeing Fanoli. Hers the idea that Fanoli would help. And now, to make matters worse, she sat as usual, curled up in the prow of his boat, frightening the fish away by giggling over his description of the interview.

From which it will be seen that the Albanian masculine outlook corresponds fairly closely to that of his more civilised brothers.

"And did you remind him of that close bond of friendship which existed between you?" she asked innocently.

Faik, too angry for speech, regarded her balefully, and she giggled again.

They drifted under the stern of an Italian liner, due to leave that evening.

"I wish," reflected Yashmina, "that we had another President. Or you had better friends. As it is we must somehow raise the sum of two hundred napoleons in six days. I have sold my few jewels, Faik." She glanced at him nervously, for feeling is strongly against the selling of personal effects, "but they only gave me ten napoleons."

Faik, who had been sufficiently shocked at her admission as to parting with the jewels, was infinitely more so at the small amount they had realised.

"That leaves one hundred and ninety. How *can* we do it, Faik Zenel?"

They were nearing the land. The sun was setting and the harbour unusually deserted. The boats that had been plying between the shore and the liner had completed their task and pulled up on the foreshore, their owners having gone to the bazaar to await the evening gun which would give them leave to break their fast, for it was Ramadan.

Suddenly Yashmina glanced up to a long-drawn hail from the jetty.

A group of frock-coated, black-fezzed gentlemen were gesticulating wildly and urgently demanding a passage out to the liner.

"Quick, Faik. Give me an oar." The girl's more agile mind had seen the chance whilst Faik was still muttering that he was a fisherman, and a very hungry fisherman at that, and he certainly was not going out again. They could get the regular boatmen from the bazaar if they could . . . Again the eternal male.

"Quickly, fat one, quickly! Here is our chance to get

at least another ten napoleons!" panted the girl, straining at the heavy oar she had seized.

"Can you not see that we can demand high prices? It is impossible for them to get the other boats, and very obviously they are in great need of passage to the liner, where no doubt there is a State reception they must attend before she sails."

But Faik refused to be hurried.

"The normal fare, thou brainless child, is one gold franc. If we are very lucky we shall get two gold francs a head. There are," glancing round, "twelve men, which means twenty-four gold francs, or one and a half napoleons in all, and"—glancing round again as they neared the jetty—"they are all of them Fanoli's ministers"—he abandoned rowing—"which means we shall get nothing at all, since ministers do not pay for anything."

"Faik rested on his oars . . . and regarded the scene open-mouthed. Never had he seen Albanian ministers offering to pay cash, and not only offering but throwing their money into the boat"

Yashmina could have cried.

They heard the voices now. Lutvi Pasha, Minister of Finance, was calling loudest. He was burdened with two large and heavy bags. "Two napoleons if you will row me to the liner, brother."

Mahmet Jacova, Minister of War, was shouting him down.

"Five! I will give five to obtain a passage!"

The bidding rose steadily.

Faik rested on his oars just out of reach of the jetty and regarded the scene open-mouthed. Never had he seen Albanian ministers offering to pay cash, and not only offering, but actually throwing their money into the boat.

And still the bidding was going up.

At last Faik pulled in and picked up his first load. With gunwale awash he left the shore, leaving six of His Excellency's ministers on the jetty, waiting for the second trip and still bidding.

Eventually the job was done, and man and girl counted their spoils.

"One hundred and ninety-five napoleons. Oh, Faik," breathed Yashmina, nearly crying with ecstasy, "this with your hundred and my ten makes more than the amount we want."

But Faik by now was thoroughly roused.

"We will not need your ten nor my hundred, Yashmina," he said grimly, "for there stands the dog Fanoli himself. Look, on the jetty. And he has that popinjay with him. By Allah, he shall pay us one hundred napoleons or he shall miss the reception, which he dare not do . . ."

Then hailing the jetty he cried:

"May a poor fisherman be of service to Your Excellency?"

"He may and will, and that quickly," came the reply; but as Fanoli recognised the rower:

"What is this talk of fishermen and excellencies between us two, O Faik, my brother. Grant me the boon of a short ride in your so beautiful boat for the sake of our past friendship."

"What else have ye brought but friendship, Fanoli Pasha?" demanded Faik; and Fanoli, never slow to appreciate a situation, saw at once his dilemma.

"Ten napoleons, thou mountain of flesh. Two hundred times your legal fare. But this I only offer, not because there is any great need to use your so foul boat, but because of the affection I bear for you. Quick, pull in, Faik, and let us have no more talk."

But Faik was busy rolling a cigarette.

"Ten napoleons, Your Excellency," he jeered, "and also . . . ?"

"And also you and your son and that girl there shall know the inside of my prison if you delay further, fisherman."

Faik's courage, never of a high order, was obviously wilting, but it was Yashmina who saved the situation.

"Our fee is one hundred napoleons, Fanoli Pasha," she said, "but this we will return thee on thy promise on the Koran," she paused, "and in writing," she added firmly, and Fanoli winced, "to appoint Faik-din to thy staff in Tirana when we have paid the balance of the three hundred napoleons which thou hast demanded."

There was a prolonged wail from the steamer's siren.

"I have never liked your future father-in-law, woman, but I can think of no more fitting punishment for his insolence than that you should be married into his family, disturber of homes," he purred. "It shall be then as you say. Pull in." And he produced fountain pen and note-book and started to write the promise.

And Faik, having succeeded by skilfully careless rowing in drenching the popinjay very thoroughly by the time they reached the liner, felt that he had in some measure compensated himself for his disastrous visit to Tirana.

THEY heard the news as soon as they reached the bazaar that evening. The town was seething with excitement. Already the new President's cavalry had arrived and were searching the place for Fanoli, fugitive and outlaw.

"Idiot and descendant of idiots, this, then, is the result of all our schemes. Did I not do my utmost to restrain your hot-headedness? Did I not even humble myself to plead with you . . . ?"

And from this extract from the many remarks of Yashmina, as they huddled in an overcrowded Ford on the road to Tirana, it will be seen that the Albanian feminine outlook

(*Continued on page 262.*)

FILM NOTES

IT MAY BE ART, BUT—IS IT GALSWORTHY?

By Lionel Collier

George Arliss in the character part of "Old English," Warner Brothers' latest picture, which is based on the stage play of the same name by John Galsworthy

IT has always seemed to me that Galsworthy's short story, "The Stoic," is one that is entirely representative of the author's outlook on life as well as a monumental tribute to his power of drawing characters that live and become personal acquaintances of the reader. I believe this story was dramatised, but I never saw it on the stage, and I do not think, having seen the talkie, "Old English," also based on it, which is having a premiere run at the Marble Arch Pavilion, that I particularly want to. My reason is that I doubt if anyone could give such a perfectly balanced character study as does that English actor of the old school, George Arliss. It is his picture. Everything is focused on him, even to the extent of making the other characters nebulous and thus enhancing the performance of the star.

THE old gentleman is apparent in every gesture, every movement. He is real, vibrant, and thoroughly sympathetic. The way he domineers his path through a shady transaction to help his natural grandchildren gives one the impression of personality and the will to win. His appreciation of the good things of life and his deliberate form of suicide by drinking and eating things forbidden by the doctor, when his plans have been discovered, are perfectly presented. The scene in which Arliss eats this dinner which is to end with death, solitary and still master, is one of the finest pieces of individual acting I have ever seen on the screen.

BUT is this Galsworthy? I should say emphatically, no! And then on second thoughts, yes. It really *is* a case of yes and no. The atmosphere, except for a few slight Americanisms which are overlooked in the actor's tour de force, is Galsworthy. Even though the subsidiary characters are, on the whole, poorly acted and none too well cast, that unmistakable Galsworthy touch is present. On the other hand, George Arliss is not "Old English"—he is George Arliss. English if you like, but somehow retaining something Oriental rather than Saxon. Traces of Disraeli remain in his interpretation. Not for a moment does one feel that he will ever die of apoplexy. His speeches contain cunning rather than a bluff disregard for everything and everybody. His love of beauty and the good things of life are subtle rather than the hearty appreciation one feels that Galsworthy's character exhibited. His manners have not all the courtesy of an old English gentle-

Armida and Frank Fay in a picturesque scene in Warner Brothers' picture just generally released, "Under A Texas Moon"

Raymond Hackett shamefacedly explains everything to ... film is the last Milton Sills made before

man, but rather the intolerance of an Oriental potentate.

PERSONALLY, I found the character study entirely fascinating, and it is a tribute to the artist that he can so completely hold the stage for ninety odd minutes. It is a tribute more to Arliss than to Galsworthy. One feels that the actor has had a good deal of say in the matter of the production, because as a film it is not remarkable at all; it is actually a photographed representation of a character. No use has been made of camera scope.

IN this connection it is amusing to note Viscount Castlerosse's remarks in his Sunday paper personalities. He says that while he enjoyed Arliss's acting he felt that English producers would have to do better if they were going to compete with America. He amplified this by remarking that a country cottage scene was wasted because the producer had omitted the opportunity of including some picturesque shots of the English countryside.

I AM left wondering if this is a tribute to the American producers of "Old English" or to the products of English producers. In any event, the film is very deserving of a visit, because its intrinsic entertainment is on a much higher level than ninety per cent. of the average talkie fatuity, both in dialogue and interpretation.

TALKING of fatuity, one has only got to go and see Gloria Swanson's new picture, "What a Widow!" This is her second talking feature. The first was "The Trespasser," a frank melodrama directed by an Englishman, Edmund Goulding, which was as good a piece of sentimental melodramatics as one could wish to see.

I yield to no one in my admiration for this actress, who is known throughout the film world as a real "trouper," one who puts all she knows into her work and has none of the artificial "temperament" which so many notable actresses cultivate.

"WHAT a Widow!" is a farce—a dreadful farce. Poor Gloria Swanson does her best as a widow—gladly rid of her first husband and determined to go a little wild.

There are perhaps a dozen laughs in the picture, most of which are the kind that one feels one ought to be laughing at surreptitiously. If Gloria Swanson were not so versatile an actress I should be inclined to murmur "Sic transit."

Moran and Mack in their second talkie for Paramount. "Anybody's War." It supplies typical humour for "The Two Black Crows"—not to mention the dog

"Whoopee" is the name of the film, and it is Eddie Cantor principally who makes it. In this scene he tells the cowboys they must dress up for the wedding . . . and this is the result! This film, a Ziegfeld-Goldwyn production, opens at the Tivoli for a season

th and Milton Sills in "The Sea Wolf." This Fox h, and will be shown shortly in the West End

PICTURES TO SEE

"THE LAUGHING LADY"

Brilliant acting by Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook in a story of divorce.

"UNDER A TEXAS MOON"

An original romantic bandit theme, with Armida, Frank Fay, Myrna Loy, Raquel Torres and Noah Beery. Beautiful outdoor settings of colour. Tuneful Spanish airs are incidental. Reviewed in "The Bystander," May 20.

A view of the Plage at Estoril, where the bathing is both safe and warm

ESTORIL: The Sun-Drenched Coast of Portugal

BY RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA

I HAVE just returned to London from Estoril, that sun-drenched spot in Portugal where the coastline turns eastward to the mouth of the Tagus and so up to Lisbon, fifteen miles away.

October though it was, I left the sands crowded with people still making summer on the beach and dancing in and out of the Atlantic lapping the shore, for October is still the bathers' paradise by reason of a branch of the Gulf Stream which flows along the coast and makes the water even more pleasant for bathing than it is on our own shores in the height of summer.

So little uncertain is the climate that, even now, children run in and out of the sea and sun themselves on the sands as freely as do their elders. The shore is indeed their happy hunting ground, for they picnic there from morning until night without the possibility of any harm coming to them. Estoril is, indeed, a children's paradise.

Estoril's sea front is as clean, as sweet, as pure as the most fastidious could desire, and its air, coming across the thousands of miles of the broad Atlantic, is as revivifying as air can be.

On every hand one hears English spoken, for the English population of Lisbon descends in its cohorts, as do the native Portuguese, to Estoril's shores to join the British residents who are wise enough to live there all the year round.

IT is not, however, only in the summer that Estoril extends attractive arms to the world. As a winter resort its climate is probably without a peer in the whole of Europe. I spent last winter there, not only in comfort and with amazing pleasure, but also with marked benefit to my health.

The striking exterior of the Thermal establishment at Estoril

As a bestower of health Estoril does not depend only on its wonderful climate. It offers to those less favoured mortals who follow the sun, not merely for the sake of pleasure but for health, a spa whose medicinal waters are unrivalled for the treatment of such complaints as rheumatism, gout—with the allied conditions of sciatica and neuritis—as well as certain diseases of the stomach and intestines, the circulatory system, various skin disorders, and ailments peculiar to women and children.

With these are combined all the modern healing adjuncts, like heat, light, massage and electricity, which, with the whole administration of the spa, are in the hands of highly competent medical practitioners.

The climate cannot be rivalled in Europe, and, thanks to the closeness to its shore of the Gulf Stream, which I have mentioned, one never needs warmer clothing than that worn in the late spring in England.

THE easiest way to reach this earthly paradise is, to my mind, by sea. Several steamship companies ply direct from various ports in England to Lisbon, the voyage occupying three or four luxurious days at a charge of only £10 first class. For those whose time is limited, however, the Sud express from Paris performs the journey in about twenty-seven hours, but, as time is money, the cost is proportionately greater.

A foretaste of Estoril's charm is obtained as the steamer approaches the coast, when, through a mass of innumerable greens, the white buildings, inlaid with bands of green and red, of orange and blue, surmounted by red tiles, give an impression of beauty which it is impossible to forget.

As the traveller comes nearer to the coast the gardens, with their riot of exotic flowers, hold the attention as if they formed the pattern of a rich carpet laid at the entrance of the river bar to welcome some great potentate on his way to Lisbon, whose outline is visible from the mouth of the Tagus.

For the people who seek the south either from choice or necessity, and through the exigencies of their family have to keep house, villas are easily rented at a low rate, for the Portuguese who own these villas, and whose avocations compel them to return to the scene of their professional activities in the winter, are always willing to let them to reliable English folk.

FOR these latter housekeeping is easy, for a maid can be obtained for a few shillings a week, while the expense of housekeeping is at least half what it is at home. The joints are small but good, the poultry is excellent, and the fish, fresh from the Atlantic, is as varied as it is delicious.

(*Continued on page 262*)

A SHOOT AT GORHAMBURY

THE EARL OF VERULAM'S PARTY IN THE FIELD

Lord Ebury at his stand during the shoot recently given by the Earl of Verulam on his estate at Gorhambury, St. Albans. The shoot was superintended by Mr. Ernest Gape on behalf of the Earl, who was unable to be present

Colonel Oakley (left) and Mr. Ernest Gape at the Earl of Verulam's shoot

(Left) Mr. Cherry Garrard, the Arctic explorer, waiting for the birds to come over

The luncheon interval during the shoot recently held by the Earl of Verulam on his estate at Gorhambury, St. Albans

ESTORIL (*continued from page 260*)

The freshness of all flesh food is unquestionable. Turkeys, for instance, for which one does not have to wait for Christmas time, are bought alive and "on the hoof," so to speak, for the breeders drive their flocks to the door of the villa that the housewife may select the bird she wants and have it killed and prepared forthwith. As for vegetables, salads, and fruits, they are exceedingly abundant and correspondingly reasonable.

As for fruit, no one knows what is the real flavour of oranges and tangerines until one eats them, as in Estoril, plucked ripe from the trees. Their cost is trifling, and large melons, ripened on their vines, cost only a few pence each. Similarly, laundry is, as a friend remarked, "the cheapest thing in the world."

A section of the links at Estoril, which are remarkably popular with golfing visitors

For those who have no need to keep house the hotels are excellent. They are modern, up to date, steam-heated, and have running hot and cold water in all the bedrooms. The newest was opened on the last day in August, so that it is unquestionably as up to date as any hotel in the world, with its splendid public rooms and its delightfully comfortable bedrooms.

The other hotels as well as the pensions all make an equal effort for the comfort of their patrons, who, in consequence of the favourable rate of exchange, are able to live at a price which is cheaper than is possible at home.

Vague generalities satisfy no one, so I may state that at the good hotels a pound a day per person should cover the price of board and lodging; but this can be reduced to half at some of the smaller establishments, and in the pensions to something like two guineas or so a week.

When one gets to Estoril what, it may be asked, is there for the visitor to do? In the first place, there is the never-failing Casino, where those to whom the tables are an attraction will find the same variety of games played as those at which they can lose their money or break the bank at other gambling resorts.

The Casino is, moreover, a recognised meeting place both for visitors and for the inhabitants who are attracted by its concerts and other entertainments, while on one of its terraces Bridge enthusiasts are welcome to enjoy their favourite game without any charge other than for the refreshments they order from the restaurant, whose prices are but little higher than those in our own popular tea-shops.

In addition to the Casino there are theatres, cinemas, golf, tennis, dances, galas, pigeon shooting, a variety of musical and sporting festivities, a splendid park with excellent walks and drives, and motoring along excellent roads.

THE RETURN OF FAIK-DIN (*continued from page 257*)

corresponds fairly closely to that of her more civilised sisters.

"We have, in any case," interposed Faik philosophically, "made exactly one hundred and ninety-five napoleons."

But this in no way comforted, and indeed scarcely interrupted, poor Yashmina.

They had set out to confirm the news that Ahmet Bey had descended like a thunderbolt with his armed forces and seized the capital, much to the capital's obvious delight. There had been rumours that, after he had left Albania, he had been collecting followers in Yugo-Slavia and Dibra, but as there were always rumours in Tirana no one had been particularly interested. Now, however, in the teeth of the expenditure of fifty thousand rounds of Government ammunition, he had obtained an entirely bloodless victory and was already appointing his new Ministers.

Disconsolate, Faik and Yashmina sat in a café and watched the Dibranis rejoicing, mainly by the discharge of firearms around them.

"Let them rejoice, poor fools," said Yashmina bitterly, "for they have success and have gained great honour for the man they love. Whilst we, and more especially you, friend of Fanoli, have, by your plotting and scheming, lost everything."

Faik sat scarcely heeding her remarks. He mechanically clicked the thirty-three amber beads which represent a third of the Ninety and Nine Sins, but his thoughts were not in the prayer he should have been saying.

"Not everything, Yashmina," he said dreamily; "we are, as I have said, one hundred and ninety-five napoleons to the good, and are no worse off under Ahmet Bey than we were under Fanoli Pasha . . ."

"One hundred and ninety-five napoleons," stormed Yashmina. Bitterness had given place to fury. Faik felt relieved. He was not used to bitterness.

"The price of your son's future, you grubber after money; the price of my happiness and his, unnatural and comfort-loving father; the price of . . . of . . ."

Faik glanced up with mild interest. He wondered if rage had made her pause and stammer, or if she could not think of another commodity which this unpopular hundred and ninety-five napoleons might purchase. He felt grateful for the pause in either case.

But it was more than these things which had checked the flow of Yashmina's eloquence. Hardly noticed by either of them there had come a stir in the crowd. The blare of trumpets and the ruffle of drums.

Ahmet himself, riding at the head of a motley collection of his wild followers, was coming down the road.

Faik regarded him sourly, but Yashmina regarded him not at all. Through the dust she was staring at the slim khaki-clad figure of the officer with whom Ahmet was talking earnestly, and who rode at his right hand.

"Look, man of action," she breathed. "Thy son has come back to us . . . come back from the north instead of the west. . . . He has joined Ahmet Bey in Yugo-Slavia . . . and oh, Faik-din," she cried, "hast thou forgotten Yashmina and that monument of inactivity, thy father?"

And judging from the speed with which Faik-din slid from the saddle and arrived in the café he had not.

Faik gazed at the two children, for whom he had striven so hard, with contentment, for indeed their happiness was very near his heart. And, moreover, Yashmina's marriage would be a great relief to him.

"Allah," he murmured, and the amber beads clicked again, "Protector of the Righteous, I commend to your notice Faik Zenel, fisherman and diplomat, and I pray you also to extend your benign sympathy to Faik-din, his son, who is about to be married."

J. K.

PARIS GOSSIP

BRIAND, "BRIGANDS" AND LA BOURSE

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrated by A. GALLAND

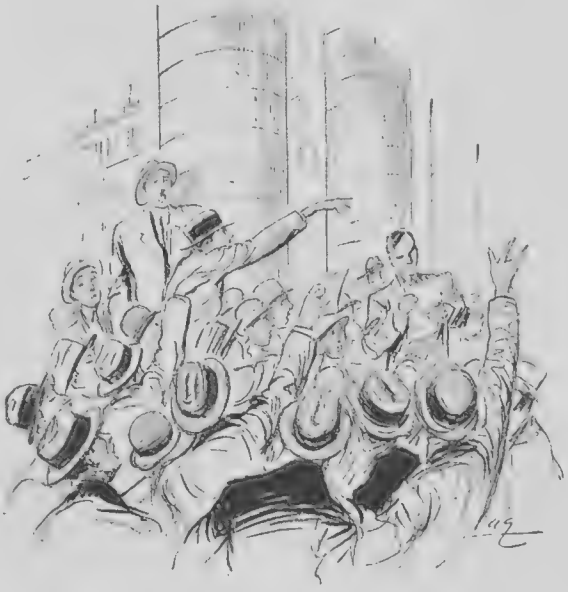
M. Briand gave inscribed watches to three friends, including M. Peyclin, his secretary, and M. Loucheur, who was Minister of Labour

PARIS is in the midst of an Indian summer and the famous r'entrée d'Octobre. The Indian summer can last as long as it likes, and if a cold wave follows there will be one more catastrophe to blame on the United States, because if the day is hot the merest shopkeeper complains that it comes from New York, and if the weather turns cold the same curses are heard. As for the r'entrée d'Octobre, it is decidedly beneficial to the entire life of Paris, except for the traffic. Oh, it is very, very hard on the traffic. The Rue Cambon is thronged at midday with cars and taxis, and it is so difficult to enter this side of the Ritz that the swinging doors are liable to whirl you right out into the Rue Cambon again.

BRIAND is really very ill, no matter what evasive bulletins to the contrary. The other day a friend of mine met Quinones de Léon, the Spanish Ambassador, just as the latter was leaving the Quai d'Orsay from a sick-room visit to the Foreign Minister, and he said that Briand is very ill and fatigued. This I believe, if only because of the symbolic and prescient gifts he made before leaving Geneva. To three friends, including M. Peyclin, his secretary, and M. Loucheur, who was Minister of Labour in Briand's Cabinet, he gave three inscribed watches . . . President Doumergue has gone off for a colonial inspection of Morocco, leaving the Elysées newly renovated and decorated and yawning after its present tenant's absence, and wondering who will be the next occupant. There had been talk of Briand being the next President, but, besides being too clever and actively useful for that — for the French President merely takes annoying social obligations off the Premier's shoulders —and as Briand, as I said, is ill and tired, the people want the next President to be a married man.

WHEN I recently determined that the Dolly Sisters were out of the public eye for the moment, I should have known better. They have opened a shop for pyjamas and déshabillées in the upper Avenue des Champs Elysées. I have heard nothing about their collection, but I have heard about their cocktails, for they have installed a bar in the establishment, and they say that there is a considerable "rough-house" there every afternoon. The Dolly Sisters must be excellent business women, for it is a most clever idea to serve cocktails: just get your clients tight, and they will buy anything—even last season's collection. Of course, this is just a theory, not a fact, for having but inaugurated the shop their collection is new, and may be seen daily through Rosie-coloured glasses.

"The Dolly Sisters have installed a cocktail bar in their dress shop"



"On the steps of the Bourse"

WARNING to tourists: If you have a linguistic penchant, especially around the ear, never take a taxi driven by a Russian chauffeur. There are hundreds of Russian taxi-drivers in Paris, and it is singular that they only drive at night. The reason is obvious: because of the darkness they take advantage of making the most original and profitable détours. Visitors complain of the enormous fares demanded for the route from the Gare du Nord to the centre of town.

A FRIEND told me that he had to pay twenty-two francs for a ride from the Gare du Nord to the Hôtel Lotti, whereas from this station to any hotel in the region of the Opéra or the Rue de Castiglione, the fare should not be more than eight, with a possible supplement of two francs providing you have so many bags that they must be placed beside the driver's seat.

(Continued on page 264)

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 263)

THE French are being decidedly boastful about the excellent financial state of the country, and I wonder how they can have the face to be so complacent. A few years ago they complained bitterly that America had grown so rich. Now that they are in the same position they calmly and truthfully state that it is because the people work hard and produce nearly everything they need, as if that was not the same case with America.

A GREAT many people, but only Parisians and those in the northern and eastern industrial cities, have lost money in the American crash, but the Government has so much money that they are calling in paper francs as hurriedly as possible. The Government has always advised against speculation, even forbidding the installation of direct Stock Exchange wires from New York. However, the French who can afford to lose money are staying at home these evenings listening to market reports radioed from London. But the agricultural and wage-earning classes have nothing to worry about; they still refuse to put their money in the banks, much less in the hands of agents de change. The howling, shabby-looking crowd of men one now sees daily upon the steps of the Bourse is not confined to stockbrokers' representatives, but anxious shareholders themselves.

THE French are becoming lawbreakers, no doubt from reading Géo London's absurd gangster articles in the *Journal*. It is against the law to strike anybody, as that is considered attempted murder; hence the fist-shaking and répertoire of obscenity that one hears now and then when one goes shopping for postage stamps at the corner bistrots. I once did see a Frenchman slap another man's face, oh, years ago, when I was a mere child and people still thought that the Perroquet was a place to go . . . But I have never seen a good fight, not yet being a client of Mr. Jeff Dickson when he puts on a match between the elephant-weight champion of Algeria and the battling terror of Lithuania. Late the other afternoon I was walking up the Faubourg St. Honoré for the simple reason that it's a one-way street, when suddenly, just at a spot where the pavement has been narrowed, due to a building under construction, I heard wham! bang! several thuds, the most dreadful words, and the violent crunching of autobus and motor car brakes, all vehicles stopping to see the show. Two young men were having a real fight. I had to sidestep quickly to avoid being spattered by blood, but the words I heard then are written forever in my heart.

S. L.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THREE WIVES and a WORM

By Ralph Straus

THE wives are all very delightful, but not very happily married. Two of them bolt. The third doesn't need to, because her husband is killed, not too gloriously, in the War. As for the worm, he is a murderer who calmly sees another man hanged, or rather guillotined, for his own crime and yet retains a measure of your sympathy. All belong to novels which are well worth reading.

I WILL begin with *The Secret Image* (Harrap: 7*s.* 6*d.*), a first novel by Laurence Oliver A good novel this, well written, well told, and in spite of its tragic ending not in the least depressing. A lost memory is an opening gambit which cannot claim to be original, but the story of the woman who lives with Jack Irskine on the island of Trevean does not follow the usual tracks. Their house is burnt up to ashes, but she manages to escape in her nightdress. As a result of shock she remembers nothing at all. Kindly neighbours, shutting their eyes to the scandal—they know that she was not Mrs. Irskine—take care of her and endeavour to find out who she is. And, little by little, her memory returns.

AN old friend recognises her as the Lady Blair he had known in London, and we are given Lady Blair's pitiful story up to the time when she had run off with Irskine. But we have to wait for the far more dramatic story of her life with this miserable fellow, and it is only in the last few pages that we understand the truly dreadful thing that had happened before the fire. I am purposely vague, for this is one of those stories which, in fairness to the author, ought not to be detailed in a review, and I will only say that it gave me a great deal of pleasure to read. Incidentally, the lie which the clergyman permits himself to tell in the very last sentence is not the least moving incident in a moving and delicate drama. Mr. Oliver has made a most admirable beginning.

MISS THEODORA BENSON

Part author of "Lobster Quadrille," reviewed on this page. It is published by Grant Richards at 7s. 6d.

Photographs *H. J. Whitlock*

MISS BETTY ASKWITH

Who collaborated with Miss Theodora Benson in writing "Lobster Quadrille," which was published recently

THE heroine of *Lobster Quadrille* (Grant Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is rather more fortunate than Lady Blair. She, too, makes her mistake and suffers for it, but the resulting tragedy is not too acute. This novel is the joint work of Miss Theodora Benson, who has two good novels to her credit, and of Miss Betty Askwith, who has published a volume of poems. The collaboration is certainly successful. Their theme, it is true, is as old as the hills—so old, indeed, that I was prepared to be bitterly disappointed. When young Caro Deering, rich and beautiful and smart, chooses to marry "out of her class," and when, moreover, her husband shows every sign of being the clever and rather bitter young Socialist who has been straying into novels ever since Socialism was thought of, I said

(Continued on page 266)

Linked with Lavender

Not many a fine Sunday morning's church parade in Rotten Row now could rival the gay promenade about Queen Caroline's Serpentine in 1770. Staccato chatter of red-heeled shoes . . . sweet sibilance of silk . . . and tenderly charming the fresh air, the lovable fragrance of the Yardley Lavender. Yes — there in Fashion's best-loved perfume is the pretty link between those old days and these.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 264)

Harratts

Mrs. Valentine Williams, the wife of the popular author, whose new novel, "Mannequin" (Hodder & Stoughton), has just appeared, at the door of her O.M. car. She is returning to the stage, where she is well known as Miss Alice Crawford, and will shortly be seen in a leading part

to myself: No, this will not do; we have read it all thousands of times before.

S

And yet in some curious way these two young writers have managed to give something like novelty to their theme. Caro is in love with her husband, but he is not the man to follow her lead. He is a good enough fellow, but—well, they belong to different worlds and always will, and when Roddy Foster (with a nice big property) comes along Caro does the expected thing. You may blame her or not as you choose; this, you feel, is what sooner or later she must have done. An "ordinary" story, you see, but told with the same quiet distinction which marked Miss Benson's earlier work, and enriched with a little gallery of excellent portraits.

S

Of a very different nature is Mr. Storer Clouston's new story *Colonel Dam* (Blackwood: 7*s.* 6*d.*). This is a farce, I suppose, but one bereft of all vulgarity. On consideration, however, I think it would be fairer to call it a modern fairy tale which happens to have its ludicrous moments. Mr. Clouston, of course, has been exceedingly funny in more than one of his books, but here he combines humour with unusual charm, and there is a serious note behind all his frolics. And I found *Colonel Dam* so much to my taste that I would cheerfully sit down to read every word of it more than once again.

S

Mrs. Dolling, who is the Colonel's daughter-in-law, may have been unlucky with her first husband, but at least he provided her with a quite adorable daughter. Ursula may be only ten, but her literary powers must be seen to be believed, and they are directly responsible for her mother's second marriage to the nice Captain Chance. For Miss Ursula, unaware of the laws of libel, writes her first novel about people she really knows—they include her grandparents and an unpopular aunt—and she is not too careful in her descriptions of their shortcomings. And if her novel is unfairly read by the grandparents, and still more unfairly placed by them in a safe, the safe is neatly burgled and the precious manuscript handed over to the one person for whom it is chiefly meant.

S

Now these infantile productions—I am speaking of Ursula's novel, and not her creator's—are not always quite so funny as they might be, and I admit that once or twice memories of Daisy Ashford became a little too clear; but I found Miss Ursula's romance of Icelandic gods and Icelandic depressions more than ordinarily droll. In fact, I rarely remember to have read a story of this kind which has pleased me so much. You cannot help chuckling from first page to last. And I only hope that Mr. Clouston will allow us to see Miss Ursula's second novel the very moment it is finished, even though by that time it is to be supposed that she will no longer be requiring immediate remuneration.

S

So I come to *The Turn of the Worm* (Knopf: 7*s.* 6*d.*), a translation by E. I. James of de la Fouchardière's very successful *La Chienne*. This is an extraordinarily interesting book, very strange, very exciting, and what our grandfathers would have called very French. There is a touch of Grand Guignol about it, and also a touch of satire. It is a lurid melodrama, in which he, she, and the other man play the chief parts, and are allowed to tell their own stories. He is a henpecked little ledger-clerk who falls in love with a fille-de-joie; the other man is the worst kind of gigolo, with whom she is madly in love. The clerk is an amateur painter, and by chance the other two find that his pictures can be sold for large sums.

S

And then, with quite unusual ingenuity, the author leads the way to his big scenes. The clerk discovers that his wife's first husband is still alive; he rushes round to the wretched girl's flat to offer her marriage and learns the truth; the girl is found with her throat cut; and the gigolo is duly arrested, found guilty of murder, and executed. But the clerk lives on somehow or other, though he never paints again. A bloodthirsty business, but queerly attractive. And it is told so well that you believe every word of it, even the clerk's apparent indifference to his paintings. You must see that this book is put on your library list.

S

So much for the novels; but there is also a good book of travel for your delectation. This is the work of Mr. Archibald Lyall, whose literary career I shall watch with interest. He is still a very young man, but he has his own way of saying most things, and I like his droll humour. *The Balkan Road* (Methuen: 12*s.* 6*d.*) is a lively account of an un-Cooklike pilgrimage across Europe and back, and it combines instruction with entertainment in just the right proportions. Mr. Lyall, I was glad to find, is interested in people equally with things, and although I cannot say that I am particularly keen to meet the majority of the oddities who crossed his path—so many of them seemed solely interested in taking Mr. Lyall's money away from him—at least they are good to read about.

S

After reading his book, indeed, my determination to avoid Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Turkey, and even Greece, remains adamant. I prefer to explore unknown Rutland or savage Kent. On the other hand, if Mr. Lyall continues his travels in these strangely uncomfortable foreign parts, I shall be eager to accompany him in spirit, for his eye is keen and his heart is large, and he can laugh at everything, not excluding himself. This is a gay and adventurous book which I can heartily recommend, even to those who would faint at the idea of travelling across Europe except in the most luxurious and most Cooklike way.

R. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Laments for the Living. By D. Parker. (Longmans Green: 6s.)
The Balkan Road. By A. Lyall. (Methuen: 12s. 6d.)
Thou Hast a Devil. By R. Coryton Hutchinson. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)
Essays of the Year. (Argonaut Press: 5s.)
The Fool of the Family. By Margaret Kennedy. (Heineman: 7s. 6d.)
I Was an Actor Once. By Robert Courtneidge. (Hutchinson: 12s. 6d.)
She and I. By Pamela Frankau. (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d.)

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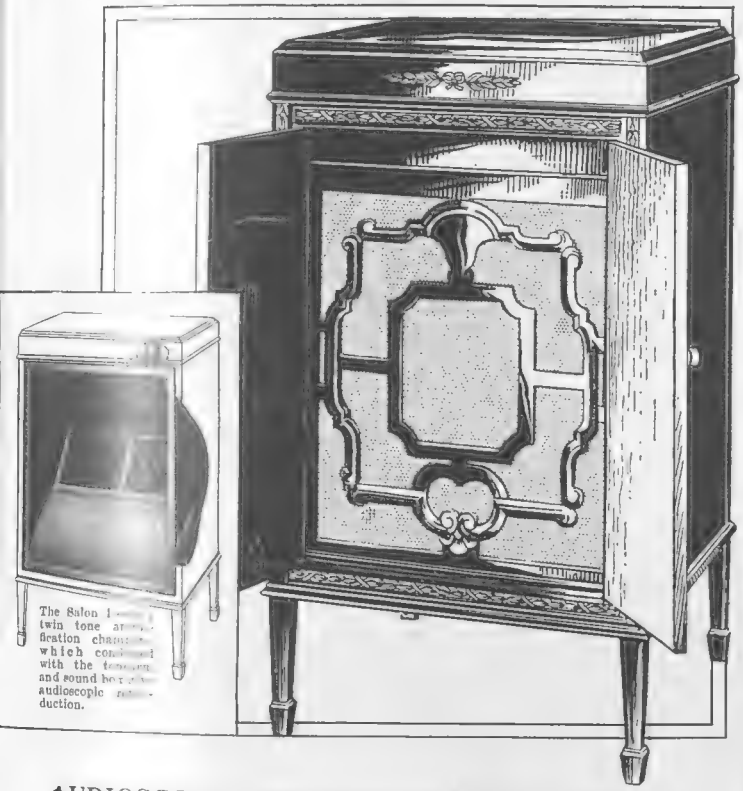

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SHOOTING NOTES

A photograph taken at the Midland Counties Field Trials Society's spaniel trials at Milton Park, near Peterborough. Some of the dogs are seen with their handlers awaiting their turn to retrieve

THE FIRST 'COCK of the SEASON

By "Clodhopper"

A FEW mornings ago while walking through a strip of spinney, on the off chance of picking up a brace of wild pheasant, I flushed—and, incidentally, missed with both barrels—"the first woodcock of the season." The bird, which, by the way, had been passed over by a steady old Clumber spaniel working for me, flapped out of a clump of trailing bramble vines growing on a sunny bank like a small and sleepy brown owl. How I managed to "muff" Scolopax so successfully I cannot say, for he offered a shot such as the merest duffer could not easily have missed.

AS woodcock have never been known to breed in the midland district in which this particular bird was flushed it was probably one of the early flights of migratory 'cock, which have been arriving on the East Coast from Scandinavia, the countries bordering the Baltic and Northern Germany, in increasing numbers of late. The climatic conditions which obtain in the woodcock's breeding sites in the higher latitudes and the direction of the wind are the chief factors which govern the more southerly flights of these birds. In mild and open winters they will remain in the north of Europe until such time as their feeding grounds are about to be sealed against them by frost, while a strong north or north-east wind assists them tremendously on the long and fatiguing passage over land and sea.

THE very general idea that the big flights of woodcock take place during a full moon is quite erroneous. Close study of the habits and movements of these interesting feathered foreigners has proved that they frequently land on our shores in far greater numbers after a wet, drizzly night with a north-easterly wind than under a bright moon and cloudless skies, even though the wind may come from the same direction. Why this should be is difficult to understand.

THOUGH the swift, twisting flight of a woodcock in covert will often beat the best of game-shots, he is by no means a "good stayer." Indeed, when obverse gales prevail he frequently drops on the foreshores, sand dunes and marshes in a state of exhaustion. But so great are the recuperative powers of this bird, and such a marvellous appetite has Nature bestowed upon him—plus a most enviably rapid digestion—that, in common with his first cousin, the snipe, he will wax fat and strong after feeding among the salting gullies, marsh dykes, woodland springs and other suitable feeding places within an incredibly short time. So great is the appetite of the woodcock, indeed, that a tame specimen has been known to devour, at one meal, a large breakfast cup of worms, and then, like Oliver Twist, to ask for more.

'COCK, like many other species of the great Scolopacidæ order, are of nocturnal habits. They feed and fly by night, and are almost as methodical in their movements as the proverbial old maiden aunt. Amongst other peculiarities of these delicious and highly sporting birds is that, after sleeping all day under some evergreen bush or other well-sheltered haven, they will emerge at dusk to search for food, taking almost invariably the same line of flight over a well-defined ride or through an open glade, and then (unless there be good foraging in covert) to the open.

These flight-ways are called 'cock walks, and by stationing himself at such points of egress on the edge of a covert known to be frequented by woodcock a sportsman may often obtain some very pretty shooting.

But, unfortunately, a wood which holds a good number of 'cock to-day may not boast a single bird to-morrow. For the woodcock's motto is, "Here to-day, gone to-morrow." During the early part of a frost a shooter should hunt with a steady and close-working gun-dog the dykes and ditches running on the outskirts of any covert that forms a sanctuary for 'cock, especially such ditches as run between thick double hedgerows. The best woodcock shooting in the world is probably to be found along the shores of the Mediterranean, in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Northern Germany. In favourable years—last season was one of the worst on record for both 'cock and snipe—fair numbers of these birds are killed in Norfolk, Suffolk, and other well-wooded and suitable localities in England and Wales, including the Royal coverts at Sandringham, which usually harbour their full quota of 'cock.

TO some parts of the country, on the other hand, the visitations of woodcock, like those of the angels, are few and far between. Good bags of these much-coveted and essentially sporting members of the great Scolopacidæ family are obtained in the western islands of Scotland. But for "historical" totals of woodcock we have to look to the west of Ireland, and especially to such famous shoots as that of the Hon. Rupert Guinness at Ashford, upon which so many 'cock shooting records have been made during the past fifty years.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

ETIQUETTE AS REGARDS FOXES

SHOOTING is perhaps the only sport which at its own loss provides the wherewithal for another sport, but shooting men and the servants of the beat are often sadly ignorant as to the mode of preventing Master Reynard from running in amongst the assembled birds and putting them up in a cloud. Given anything like an opportunity the fox will slip out quietly at the side, for he knows all about the advancing line of stick rattlers in the rear and will have satisfied himself as to the presence of mankind ahead. Unless the stops know their work in this particular or have been specially warned they are more likely than not on viewing the stranger to yell their loudest. The cry is repeated on every attempt at departure; the fox, concluding he is cornered, hides till the last moment and then dashes out, to produce the result usually described as "bad luck." Correct procedure on viewing a fox is to remain as quiet as possible, so providing the opportunity he seeks to retire unobtrusively. When he is well away by all means exercise the lungs, since there is nothing more creditable to a well-managed shoot than to carry its quota of foxes. Advertise your virtue as loudly as possible, it helps counteract the nasty things that sometimes get said.

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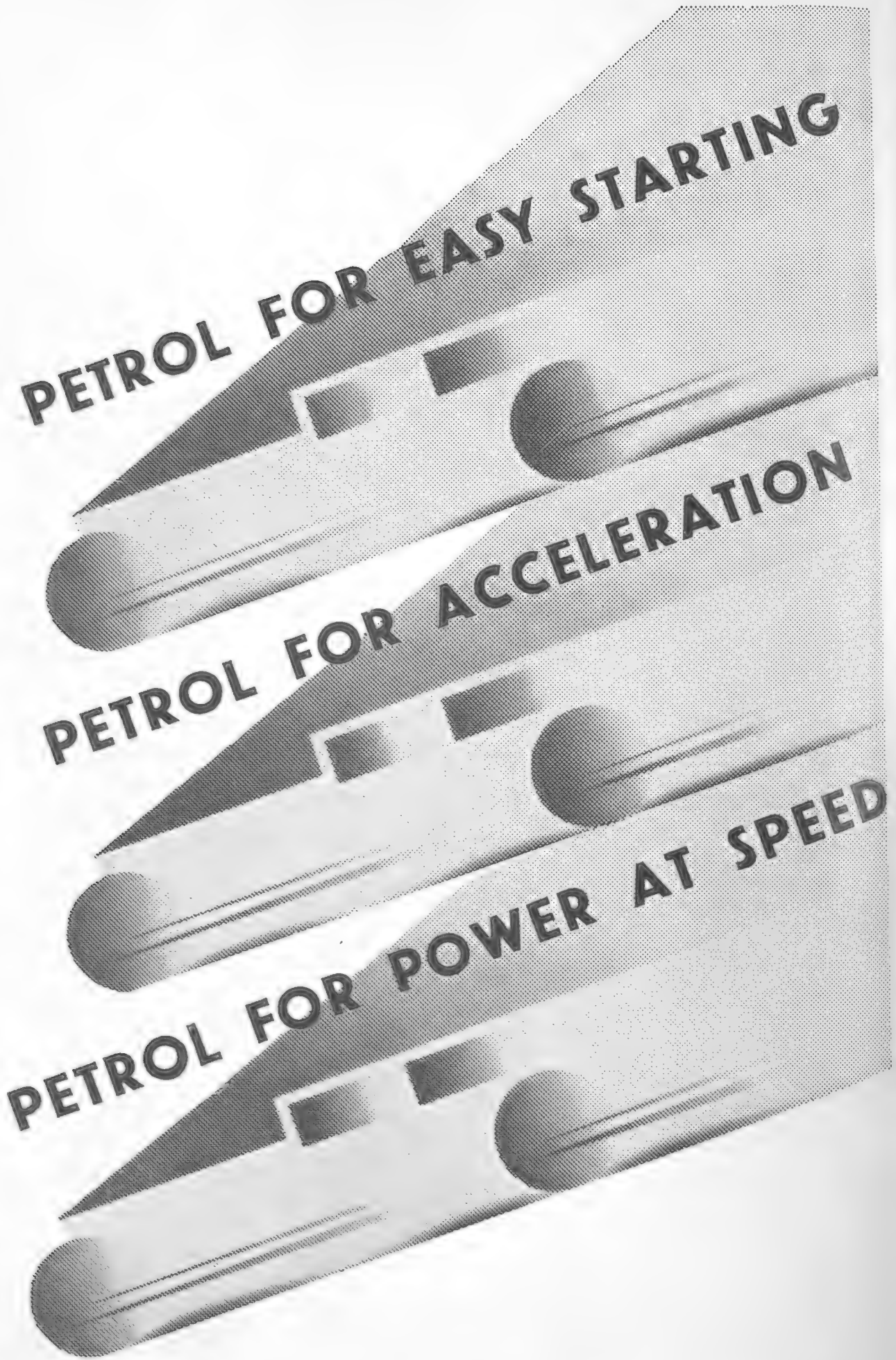
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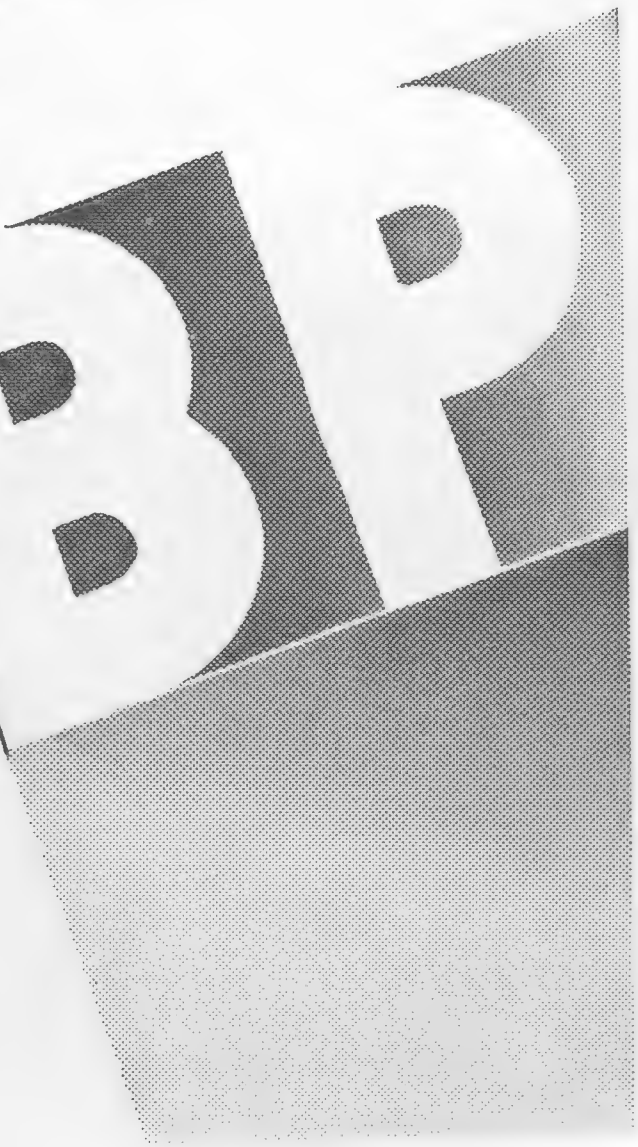

FLYING NOTES

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE: GOVERNMENT APATHY

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Topical

Wing-Commander Kingsford Smith in the cockpit of his Avian, Southern Cross Junior, on his arrival at Karachi on his wonderful solo flight to Australia. He set up a new record for the flight, easily beating Squadron-Leader Bert Hinkler's time, which, up till then, was the best

Kingsford Smith and His "Avian" Sports

It seems only right and proper that an Avian record should be beaten by another Avian. In the case of Wing-Commander Kingsford Smith's magnificent flight to Australia, his machine was fitted with a Gipsy II engine, whereas that used by Sq.Ldr. Bert Hinkler two and a half years ago was a Cirrus. In addition to being a feat of endurance on the part of a man only recently convalescent from a serious operation, the flight demonstrated the fact that mails could be carried to Australia at the present time in ten days by utilising relays of pilots with small, fast machines. Needless to say, Kingsford Smith had no trouble with machine or engine, both of which are standard products made by Messrs. A. V. Roe and the deHavilland Company respectively and selling at £825 complete. B.T.H. Magnetos, Lodge Plugs and Mobiloil had something to do with the engine's success and the Husun Compass took care of the navigation. Prior to lowering the time record on the Australian route, Kingsford Smith had already proved himself a master pilot on long-distance flights in the Southern Cross, in which he circumnavigated the world, each stage of which was a great achievement in its day, and his flight from California across the Pacific to Australia has not yet been repeated by anyone.

Records and Achievements

For the second year in succession the Zenith Cup for a circuit of France has been won on a Gipsy Moth, last year by Captain Broad at an average speed of 112.5 miles an hour, and this year by M. Edward Bret at 111 miles an hour. Le Comte de Villefranche was second in the contest on a standard Gipsy Moth, that flown by M. Bret being Mr. Alan Butler's special machine used in the recent Circuit of Europe. The Circuit of Belgium for an International Challenge Cup was won by M. Hanet on a Puss Moth carrying two passengers. This remarkable machine has added still further to its reputation in the hands of Mr. R. F. Caspareuthus, who, on a private flight from London to Cape Town, lowered Captain Barnard's record of 9½ days by nearly one complete day. His time from London to Khartoum was five days, the remaining 4,000 miles being covered in just over three days. If one takes the sum of the record times put up on sections of the African route to date, London is six days distant from Cape Town, London to Egypt having already been flown in two days, leaving four days for flying the length of the African Continent. It is very pleasant to record such progress by light aeroplanes representing flying in its cheapest form. I suppose, after a few more years spent in discussion between the Post Office and the Air Ministry, we may get a ten-day mail service to Australia and one in seven days to South Africa, both of which are practical to-day.

The Gipsy Moth in which M. Edward Bret won the Zenith Cup for a circuit of France, establishing a new record by averaging 111 m.p.h. He is the son of M. Le Commandant Bret and Mme. Bret, of the Hotel des Anglais, Cannes

The Gipsy's Warning!

This is nothing to do with the well-known engine of that name, merely a method of drawing your attention to certain Air Ministry notices to aircraft owners. The heating systems of cockpits and cabins which depend on jacketed exhaust pipes should be examined frequently for leaks. The effect of carbon-monoxide from the exhaust is painless at the time but it is likely to be fatal if inhaled for a long period. A further point concerning cabin type aircraft is the provision of a safety belt or some form of harness in the pilot's seat. Most of the small enclosed machines have a Certificate of Airworthiness for aerobatics, and whereas every manœuvre, except inverted flight, can be performed safely without a belt, even the best pilot sometimes hangs on the top of a loop, the effect being that all loose objects, including the pilot, would fall "downwards," and possibly through the roof. Although the Gipsy engine is certified by the Air Ministry as airworthy at 2,000 revolutions per minute, the De Havilland Company wish it known that they do not recommend pilots to exceed 1,800-1,900 revs. for normal cruising work. All good pilots nurse their engines as a matter of course, so that this good advice is intended for the very young and inexperienced. Contour chasers playing over Romney Marsh are warned that a steel mast more than 150 feet in height has been erected near Newchurch.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

AN EXQUISITE GOWN FOR LEISURE HOURS

There is an old-world air of quiet grace about this beautiful tea gown from Debenham and Freebody. Apple-green velvet that has a silvery sheen shows up to perfection the lustrous delicacy of the real chinchilla collar, which forms a flattering frame for the head. Rows of gathers confine the soft folds of the skirt at the waist, where there is a bouquet of shaded roses

WAVERING WAISTLINES

By Olive Caley Smith

The "Lynton," an admirably tailored Aquascutum coat in brown, beige and white Scotch tweed, enriched with a flattering collar of lynx lamb

Shaped Belts

NOTHING is more interesting than the place that waists occupy in Fashion's winter scheme, for they may be worn in their natural place, high up beneath the shoulder blades, resting just above the hips—or they may be banished altogether. Thus may every woman choose the line that is most flattering to her own figure. Some of the new evening dresses owe their success to a waistband which slopes gently downwards at the back and narrows off in front. The corsage blouses softly over the wide part, and so does away with the pinched-in look that so often mars natural-waisted effects. If the frock is made in a plain fabric there is a tendency to embroider these belts with glittering beads, or to ornament them with bands of strass.

Dress Jewellery

EVERYWHERE attention is focussed upon dress jewellery. Paste shoulder straps were seen in almost every collection, and specially designed necklaces complemented many frocks. Very original and attractive are long necklaces made of rows of soft chenille threaded through paste rings or strass-studded beads. A particularly effective example was expressed in black chenille with widely spaced rondels set with multi-coloured brilliants alternated with carved emerald beads. Chanel twists together heavy ropes of glass beads with contrasting hued centres—like the buttons that used to be sewn down the centre of jabots and blouses. Nor is there any lack of modernistic treatment. for clouded crystal or jet cubes are used for necklaces and bracelets—the cubes being threaded perpendicularly in the latter case. Long ear-rings composed of clusters of glass flowers will not suit everybody; but they can look very attractive when accompanied by a matching choker.

Interesting Tailormades

TWEEDS reign supreme for tailored coats and suits this season, and they are to be found in a fascinating range of colours and designs at Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street. Sketched on this page is a coat which would be suitable for many different occasions, for it is made in a brown, beige, and white Scotch tweed which would look perfect over dresses of almost any colour. These shades are repeated in the high double collar of lynx lamb fur, and in the buttons and the buckle of the belt. It is unnecessary to stress the excellence of its cut and workmanship, for Aquascutum coats are world renowned. Their new two-piece suits and country costumes are particularly good.

An Interesting Fashion Guide

A WELL-illustrated book which certainly reflects the greatest credit upon its creators has just been published by Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street. It incorporates a brief history of woman's dress from 4000 B.C. down to the present day, and side by side with quaint drawings of prehistoric modes are sketches of the newest models from the Paris collections. Ancient Greece is quoted as the forerunner of modern styles, and the first attempt at fashion advertisement was made by France early in the seventeenth century, when two dolls, dressed in the coming season's fashions, were sent out every winter, spring, summer and autumn to the Courts of Rome, Lisbon, Berlin, St. Petersburg and London; and it is interesting to learn that some form of head-covering was always worn in England up to the reign of Elizabeth. Incidentally, it may perhaps be taken as a tribute to the designers of to-day that not even the most extravagant woman could claim, as did the Baroness Osten Platen in 1913, that it was impossible to dress really well on less than £20,000 a year! Even the estimate of a dress authority in this country, who just before the War propounded the theory that no middle-class woman could make anything of a show under £500-£600 a year, would to-day seem unnecessarily high to anybody who regularly visits Marshall and Snelgrove's salons.

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in the Cigarettes

A MASTER OF MAKE-UP.

One of Cedric Hardwicke's most entertaining character-studies was as the elderly Dick Varwell in Eden Phillpotts's Devonshire comedy "Yellow Sands." He is seen above complete with straggling moustache, bleary eyes, and what is known as a "saloon bar tan."

The make-up adopted by Cedric Hardwicke in the part of King Magnus in Bernard Shaw's "The Apple Cart" was far from heavy. Yet, with the assistance of a very few alterations, he completely changed his appearance, as the above photograph proves.

On the left we see Cedric Hardwicke as one of the very rude forefathers of a Devonshire hamlet who helped to make "The Farmer's Wife" such a successful play; on the right he is made up as Edward Moulton-Barrett, the character he fills with such distinction in the "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," at the Queen's Theatre; whilst, inset, is the actor as he appears in real life. So clever is he at make-up that even when he employs but little on the stage, people who know him personally have difficulty in recognising him.

Built in the true Vauxhall *tradition*

the 17 *h.p.* 6-*cylinder* VAUXHALL

"CADET"

£280

YOU have only to look at it to see that it's a true Vauxhall. Its slim, aristocratic lines—its graceful, fluted bonnet! And it has all the strength and finish that have always distinguished Vauxhall cars.

As for the engine, there are 25 years of Vauxhall experience in that. Compact, powerful, economical. Best of reasons for the "Cadet's" fine road performance! And the long, cushiony springs give smoothness of running that is remarkable. Ask your dealer for a trial run. All models are obtainable by the G.M.A.C. plan of convenient payments. Write for illustrated catalogues to General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9. On Show in London at 174-182, Great Portland Street, W.1.

The standard coachbuilt saloon costs £280; or with sliding roof and safety glass, £298. There are four other models, including the Sports Coupe, £298, and the 2-seater, £295.

•HERE ARE THE POINTS YOU WANT TO KNOW

6-cyl. 17 h.p. O.H.V. engine (£17 tax) • 3-speed gearbox • 4-wheel servo-assisted brakes • Hydraulic shock absorbers • Cam and lever steering • Bi-focal dipping-beam headlights • Belco finish, bright parts chromium plated.

This is an additional car to the famous 6-cylinder Vauxhall 20-60—now 24 h.p.—which will be known as the Vauxhall "Eighty." Prices are now lower. Richmond Saloon (formerly £540) now £495 (sliding roof £10 extra). Velox Saloon (formerly £565) now £495. Kingston Coupé (formerly £595) now £535.

MOTOR NOTES

The famous Austin Seven in its American form. This particular car is owned by the Toronto Scottish, a regiment affiliated to the London Scottish, and was used by them on their summer tour as official car, dispatch carrier, officers' transport, rations wagon and so on

OLYMPIA AFTERTHOUGHTS

By E. M. Wright

OLYMPIA has closed its doors. There is leisure now to appraise the new models and estimate the progress that has been made. Volumes have been written of the improvements, modifications and changes which the cars for 1931 reveal. Little has been said of those other features which this year, as in other years, remain depressingly the same. Progress there has been—progress which I do not in the least wish to belittle—but in many notable respects makers have shown a lamentable lack of originality.

* * *

WE are sometimes apt to bewail the sameness of modern British cars. It is perfectly true that they are very quickly losing their individuality, of which we boasted for so many years. But sameness is not in itself a fault. When it connotes uniformity of excellence it is, indeed, to be admired. Almost all the great innovations of recent years are now commonplace. Four-wheel brakes, rustless bright parts, silent third gear boxes, safety glass, finger-tip control — these are features which *ought* to be found on every car. There is, however, another kind of sameness which is due merely to the unwillingness of the makers to depart by a hair's breadth from accepted practice.

* * *

CONSIDER, for instance, the suspension of the average car. From the cheapest to the most expensive there is slavish uniformity. Leaf-springs are universal. The mere fact that these springs have to be damped with elaborate shock absorbers is proof enough that they are not efficient. Yet our makers are apparently unable to evolve any better system than that which was employed in the days of stage coaches, or is still in use on railway coal trucks and goods wagons. The earliest cars had leaf-spring suspension; all that has been achieved in the last thirty or forty years is an improvement in the method of applying a principle which is basically unsound.

* * *

ONLY one car at Olympia—and it was not a British car—possessed unorthodox springing. This had coil-springs instead of leaf-springs fitted to the front wheels. On only one car, too, I believe, were the wheels individually sprung. Whether these experiments are successful or not is of secondary importance; the essential point is that two makers have had sufficient courage to try something that is an advance on the springing of the stage coach. We can only learn by trial and error, and the pity is that the vast majority of our makers are afraid to try.

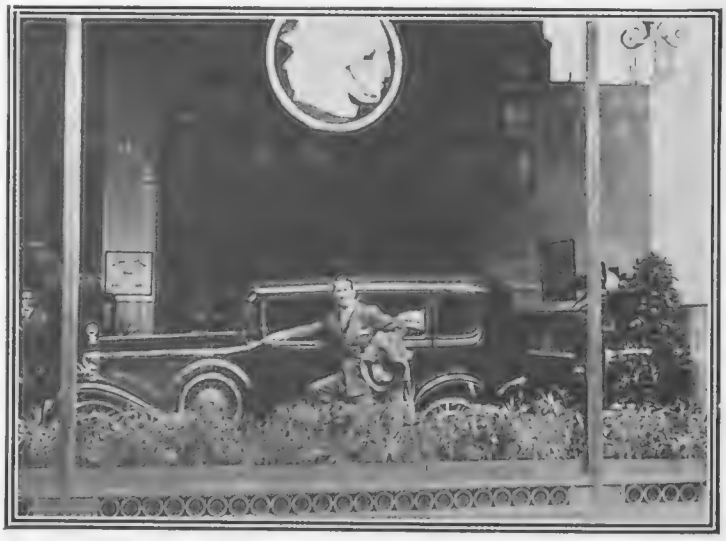
* * *

YEARLY I register a grouse against the poor quality of the tool-kit which makers supply. This was the case at the start, is now, and probably will be for years to come; any jack, for instance, provided it is cheap and thoroughly inefficient, is considered suitable for the tool-box of even luxury cars. I have yet to come across a make of car which fits some form of built-in jacking system as standard. I have yet to come across a maker who supplies a first-class foot-pump. These things are in the long run worth more to the average owner-driver than a gorgeously fitted out lady's companion of expensive inlaid veneer. But for this I should not perhaps blame the makers. No one thinks about a jack until, after many thousands of miles, he is unlucky enough to have a puncture. Cars today are sold on their looks, and it is doubtless the fal-lals which ultimately clinch the deal.

Test of Morris Major

THE most interesting new car I have yet tried this year is the cheapest. The introduction of the Morris Major was an event of great importance, as it is the cheapest British six-cylinder of its power on the market. Substantially, the engine is that of the Morris-Oxford and the chassis that of the Morris-Cowley. The performance of the four-door saloon at £225—which was the model I tried recently—is therefore exceptionally good owing to the high ratio of power to weight. Top gear climb and acceleration are equal to many a car of 20 h.p.

I was particularly impressed by the smooth and efficient carburation. There was not the suggestion of a flat spot anywhere in the range, and this, in my experience, is very unusual. The carburetter, incidentally, is an S.U., the manufacturers of which are another of the companies owned by



TALKIE STAR AND SILENT KNIGHT

Maurice Chevalier, the French comedian, who has achieved so remarkable a success on the talkies, evidently approves of one silent production. He is seen beside a Willys-Knight Sleeve Valve Six, which is noted for the smooth and soundless performance of its Silent Knight engine

G.E.C.

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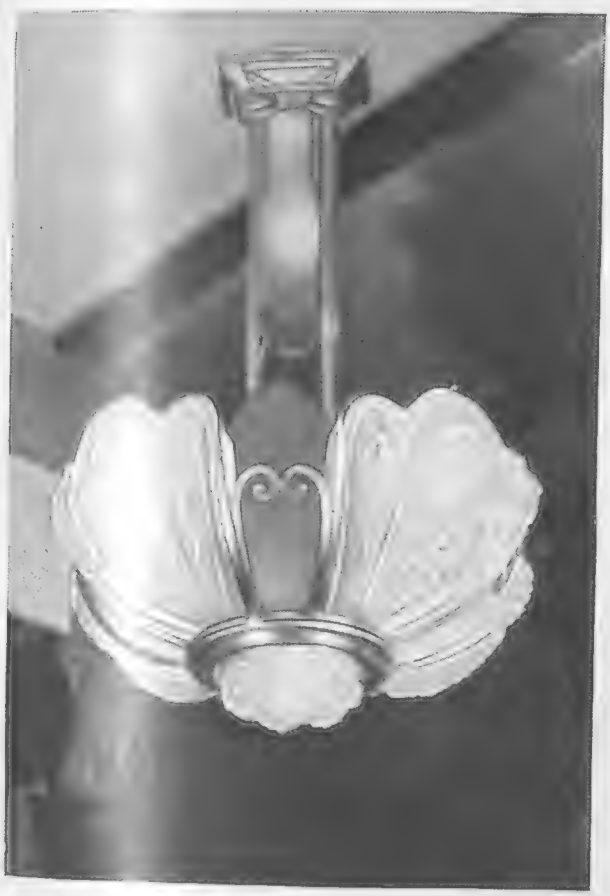

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Ask your wife, if you dare!

It's a fact; even your wife won't tell you about some things.

This was a distressing case of a young woman who had been married only a short time. For some reason her husband had become a little careless about certain things in which he had been most careful before marriage.

And it distressed her, caused her to worry and even wonder if his love might be lessening.

* * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But, usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of undiluted Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for Sore Throat, Colds, Influenza, etc., possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Being antiseptic, it checks food fermentation in the mouth—a cause of odours. Being also a germicide capable of destroying 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds, it attacks mouth, nose and throat infections — another cause of odours. Then, it gets rid of the odours themselves *not* by substituting some other odour but by really removing the old one. The odour of Listerine Antiseptic itself quickly disappears, so that its systematic use puts you on the safe and polite side.

Sold by all chemists in three sizes. **14**-oz. **5/6**, **7**-oz. **3/-**, and **3**-oz. **1/6**. Refer to pamphlet that comes with the bottle for its many other uses.

End halitosis with

LISTERINE

BRAND ANTISEPTIC

"Kills 200,000,000 *germs in* 15 *seconds."*

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

Sir William Morris. This carburetter is to be found, so far as I know, on every Morris and Wolseley model, and undoubtedly accounts for the excellent carburation which is an outstanding feature of this range of cars.

The new Morris Major is also available with a "salonette" body, a two-door four-seater saloon which is considerably lighter and should give an even better performance, at £215. This is finished in fabric, whereas the £225 job is panelled in cellulose.

Bentley Abroad

In order to develop their export trade and reap the fullest advantage from their successes in international races, Bentley Motors have embarked upon an ambitious sales and service scheme throughout the world. A new company, the Société Européenne Bentley Automobiles S.A., has been formed with large capital resources, and as a first step a depot is being opened in Paris which will carry a full stock of essential spare parts, and will be staffed by mechanics trained at the London works. Sales and service depots are to be established in other parts of the world. Captain Woolf Barnato, who will be Chairman of the new company, recently sailed for America to organise such depots in Canada and the United States, and arrangements have just been concluded for sales and service in New Zealand.

For High-speed Touring

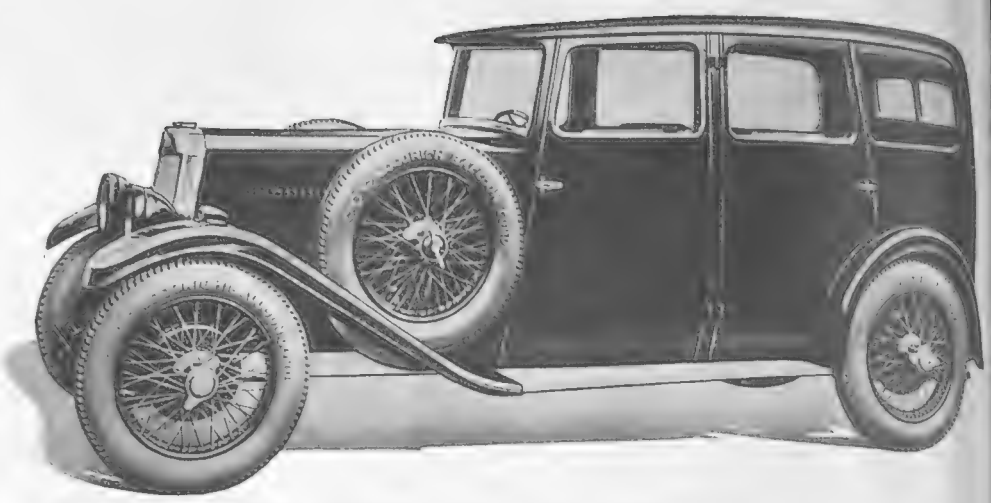
A new car designed chiefly for high-speed touring abroad has recently been announced by the Rolls-Royce Company. Known as the Continental Touring Saloon, it is mounted on a Phantom II chassis and was shown both at the Paris Salon and at Olympia. The chassis is standard with, however, a specially low steering column, springs designed to allow of high speeds over bad roads, and friction-type adjustable shock absorbers in addition to those of the standard Rolls-Royce hydraulic design. Other features of the car are its low centre of gravity, its roomy interior, low appearance, and ample luggage accommodation.

***

The principal model in the Willys range for 1931 is the "Palatine" Six of 15.7 h.p. This model supersedes the Willys Light Six, and sells at the attractive price of £259 for the four-door five-seater coach-built saloon. The engine and chassis are similar to those of the Light Six, but the body is of an entirely new design. The Whippet Four and the different Willys-Knight sleeve-valve models have all been reduced in price.

***

The Lea-Francis people announce a new two-litre Six of 15.7 h.p., with a Duo type of four-speed gear box. The car is called the "Ace of Spades," the name having been suggested by the similarity in the appearance of the front of the engine to this card. The six-light four-door saloon sells at £495. E. M. W.



The new Lea-Francis 16/60 h.p. six-cylinder "Ace of Spades" saloon. Priced at £495, it attracted much attention at the Motor Show at Olympia

3200. Diamonds. £35 0 0

3199. Diamonds. £80 0 0

3198. Diamonds. £50 0 0

3197. Diamonds. £35 0 0

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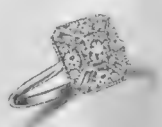

3196. Diamonds. £37 10 0

3194. Diamonds. £75 0 0

3190. Diamonds. £25 0 0

3192. Sapphire and Diamonds. £36 0 0

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3191. Sapphires and Diamonds. £52 10 0

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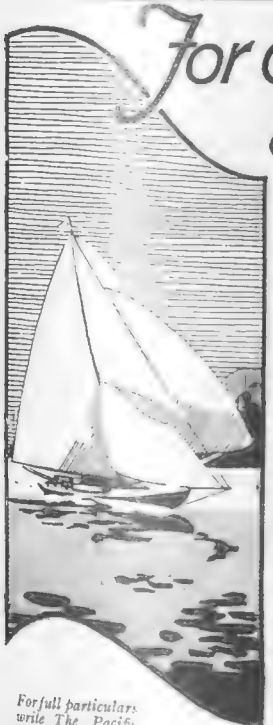

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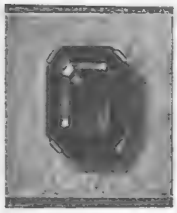
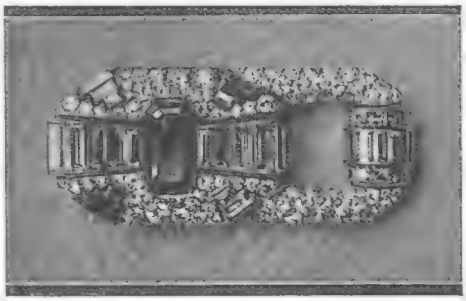
ROMANCE and adventure have always been associated with precious stones, for they have a power which cannot be explained, but which has endured through countless centuries. Their prestige is in part the result of custom and tradition, for poets, philosophers, and men of action have all yielded to their spell, and endless legends have grown up about them. In mediæval times they were attributed with wondrous spiritual and medicinal properties. Sapphires were greatly valued, for they were the emblem of prosperity, and their heavenly colour caused them to be regarded as "sympathetic stones, invaluable to the thoughtful and meditative, a connector of souls, and a developer of the inner powers." Perhaps this is why they are so often chosen for engagement rings. In addition to which, it must be borne in mind that no other precious stone stresses so perfectly the beauty of Englishwomen.



A magnificent sapphire ring, the cutting of which shows up its perfect colour.

True Cornflower Blue

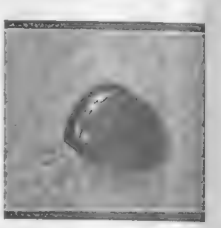
A UNIQUE collection of sapphires has been assembled by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company in their salons at 112, Regent Street, including specimens from every known source of supply. Colour determines the value of the stones, the so-called "cornflower" blue being the finest. A small proportion of these are mined in the north-western Himalayas, and are known as Kashmir sapphires. Other fine examples come from Siam, Burma, Ceylon, Australia, and the United States of America. Sometimes the finer-hued stones are termed "Oriental," while the paler ones are generally known as "Ceylon," and the greenish ones as "Australian." The Burmese gem, when it is of a deep, intense blue, smooth in texture, yet of brilliant lustre, is a treasure of rare beauty and great value, for, as a rule, they vary in shade and colour, and really good stones are uncommon. The blue of the Ceylon sapphire, which is found in the celebrated gem gravels at the south of the island, is paler and of a limpid, brilliant appearance, with rather a tendency to mauve and occasional indigo. Often the pigment is irregularly distributed, but the lapidary, by cutting the crystal so that the base of the stone contains the coloured patch, gives it a uniform effect.



There is no more effective alliance than that of sapphires and diamonds. In this brooch their beauty is enhanced by the modern setting.

Exquisite Modern Settings

THE Montana sapphires are found in Fergus County, U.S.A. Many of them assume a purple shade in artificial light, and, with the Australian variety, which are apt to be green and are too dark to be of much value, they rank much lower than stones from Kashmir, Burma, or Ceylon. The illustrations on this page can convey only the faintest idea of the beauty of these gems. Allied with diamonds, the sapphire reaches perfection. As in a good marriage the best qualities of both are brought out, for the blue and violet rays which emanate from a diamond are apparently intensified, and any tinge of yellow is completely neutralised.



A Cabachon sapphire of cornflower blue, from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company

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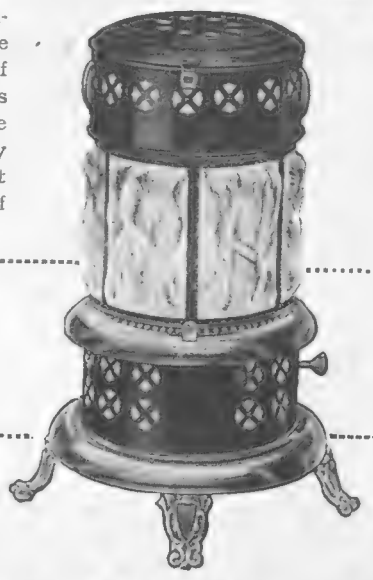

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may well be the password for this age. Certainly children's clothes conform, but they have added attraction in that they are also decorative. Thus a visit to a shop to get clothes is no longer a penance, and a visit to Marshall & Snelgrove's Children's Knit Wear Department is sheer delight. A glance at these shown will prove the veracity of the foregoing statement. We suggest you will be forced by your children to pay us a visit.

Child's Knitted Breechette Suit in good quality unbrushed wool. Thoroughly reliable wear. Colours: White, lemon, saxe, fawn, scarlet.

Sizes 14" to 18" Coat length.

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37/6 to **47/6**

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Girl's Four-Piece Suit, comprising Cardigan, Skirt, Jumper and Knickers in wool, knitted tweed effect.

Colours: blue, green, cherry, fawn.

Sizes: 26" to 34". Shoulder to hem.

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Girl's Knitted Dress in tweed effect mixture. Colourings: fawn; red, blue / fawn, brown/green.

Sizes: 26" to 34".

PRICES

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Knickers to match at proportionate prices

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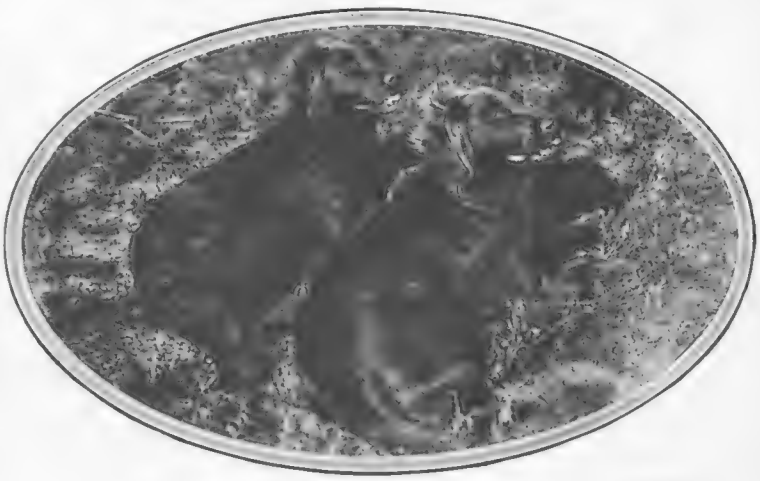
DOGS

FEEDING THE PUPPY

By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE is a great diversity of opinion as to whether it is better to bring up surplus puppies on the bottle or with a foster-mother. The latter is of advantage if ensured that the "babies" shall have the nearest approach to the dam's milk possible. On the other hand, foster-mothers, even when procured from the best places, are not always entirely free from vermin, and a verminous foster-mother will assuredly transfer her unwelcome visitors to the puppies. It is also important to ensure that the foster-bitch is whelped exactly the same day as your own dog, and at the beginning of their lives it is very important that puppies should be fed by a foster-mother whose milk is of exactly the same consistency as the dam's. In these circumstances, therefore, unless you have prepared for a foster-mother before the arrival of the puppies, it is better to trust to hand feeding. Of course, if the litter is a very large one and there is no reason to keep them all, it is really better to drown the unwanted puppies and to let the mother bring up three or four.

NO bitch with a first litter (I am now referring to the bigger breeds) should be left with more than five, and that is an ample-sized litter for anybody who is not merely interested in money making. But it may be that some unforeseen accident occurs, and the bitch may die in whelping, or her milk turn acid (a very common complaint at the moment), and she will be unable to look after any of the puppies.



Keystone

Two fine retrievers owned by Mr. Raymond Quilter which were worked in the shoot given by Sir Cuthbert Quilter at Bawdsey

THERE are plenty of excellent foods on the market, and amongst these I confidently recommend Lactol, for it has been my stand-by on many and many an occasion. Full directions are given on every tin as to the mixing, etc., and you must be prepared to sacrifice some of your rest and leisure to feeding the poor little orphans. As long as you are methodical, and remember that puppies cannot wait for their food however important your other engagements may be, you will not find much difficulty in raising them.

THERE is always the problem of keeping the puppies clean, because, of course, their own mother, in ordinary circumstances, attends to it. The best that you can do is to wipe them over carefully with a damp warm cloth, and the bedding, which should be of dry hay, must be changed if necessary two or three times a day. Dogs are such maternal creatures that I have known an old bitch who had no puppies of her own undertake the cleaning of a whole litter of orphans, but you have to know your bitch extremely well before you try such an experiment. With bottle-fed puppies it is as well to wean as soon as possible on to something stronger than milk, and for this purpose nothing can beat Savaline.

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THE WELL-GROOMED MAN WEARS THE BANTAM SHOE

He can wear it in the street or on the Dance Floor. Ideal for the Dinner, Theatre, or any of the smart occasions that demand you looking and feeling your best.

Stocked in Black Box Calf, Tan Willow Calf, Patent Leather. *In three qualities.*

21/- 25/- 32/6

Postage 6d. extra.

Also Suède Calf in Zulu, Cinnamon, Tabac, Blue, Green and White.

ABBOTTS

THE BANTAM SHOE

44, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.
34, COVENTRY STREET, LONDON, W.
AND ON SALE AT ALL OUR BRANCHES.

SMART CHIFFON VELVET COATS

Blouse Department, First Floor

We have always in stock a wonderful variety of attractive velvet, velveteen and tinsel brocade coats, which are a welcome solution to the question of what to wear over frocks to give extra warmth during winter days. The illustration is a typical example.

SMART COAT in tinsel brocade attractively trimmed with soft fur, and shaped godets at side. In artistic designs and colours.

Price **69/6**

SENT ON APPROVAL.

In chiffon velvet. In black and colours, 59/6.

Catalogue Post Free.

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BALANCE

Sea or Travel sickness is caused by a derangement of the organs of balance. The constant rhythmical motion of a travelling vehicle places a strain upon these nerve centers which results in distress.

"MOTHERSILL'S" quickly stops or prevents all forms of travel sickness by relieving this strain and strengthening the organs of balance so that they are able to function in a normal manner. You can travel by Sea, Train, Motor or Air in perfect comfort thru its use. 62

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

For Sale by Chemists

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WINES OF DISTINCTION

PER DOZ.

TRÈS CARESS, luscious rich brown Sherry 90/-

INCOMPARABLE, great age, delicate flavour. Golden Dessert Sherry 126 -

ADAMS 15, perfection of Light Tawny Port, as supplied to House of Lords 120 -

Electrical bottles carriage paid. Duty inclusive.

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HINDES' HAIR TINT

Restore grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers. **2/6** or direct—

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WULFING BRAND

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At all Chemists, 2/6 per bottle.

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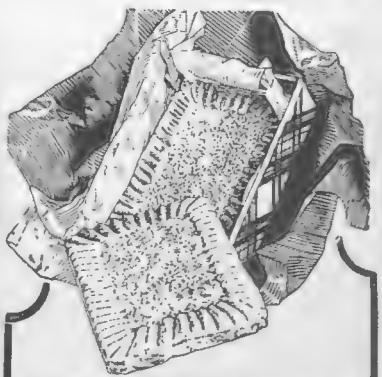

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Fresh from the oven, placed in sealed tins, and posted free to any address at these rates:

Price of Tin	Canada	India	U.S.A.
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Write for interesting illustrated list of cakes and confectionery post free.

GALBRAITH'S of Ayr Scotland

70–80–82 High Street.

Estd. close on a century.

BOWAT

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

GRAPE FRUIT.

OYSTER SOUP.

TURBOT STEAK.

BRAISED SHOULDER OF VENISON.
FRIED POTATOES.
TURNIPS À LA BÉCHAMEL.

FRUIT SALAD.

DEVILLED BISCUITS.

COFFEE. DESSERT.

Oyster Soup

SCALD two dozen oysters in their own liquor, take them out, beard them, and place in a tureen. Put the beards and the liquor (strained) into about a pint of white stock and simmer for twenty minutes. Remove from the fire, strain again, and add another pint of stock seasoned with salt, cayenne, and mace to taste. Bring to the boil, and thicken with buttered flour. Simmer for five minutes, stir in ¼ pint of cream, pour over the oysters, and serve.

Turbot Steak

CUT a thick steak of turbot, weighing about 1 lb. Cover the bottom of a fireproof dish with an onion and some parsley finely chopped. Put in the fish, brush it over with a little melted butter, and bake in a good oven for thirty minutes. Mix together 1 oz. of butter and ¾ oz. of flour, and when well blended stir in half a pint of milk and 2 oz. of grated cheese. The sauce should be creamy. Strain it round the fish and garnish the top with small balls of mashed potatoes.

Menu

Melon frappé
Bisque d'Ecrevisses
Truite meunière
Perdreaux sur canapé
Salade Lorette
Pâté de foies gras de Strasbourg
Crêpes Suzette

le 16 Octobre 1930.

The menu of a supper served at the Hotel Lotti, in the Rue de Castiglione, in Paris. The Lotti, which is one of the most aristocratic hotels, eschews jazz, but is famous for its cuisine

Braised Shoulder of Venison

HAVE the bone taken out from a shoulder of well-hung venison and place in a marinade of equal parts of vinegar and water, with a bunch of savoury herbs. Let it remain in this for three days, then chop up one large onion, one shallot, ½ lb. of fat bacon, add three cloves and 3 oz. of butter. Let this fry in an earthenware braising-pan; lay the venison on top, cover closely, and squeeze over the meat (before covering) the juice of half a lemon. Cook three hours in a moderate oven. Just before serving add a glassful of sherry and half a teacupful of cream. Let cook for another ten minutes. Then serve with fried potatoes and turnips à la Béchamel.

Turnips à la Béchamel

CUT some turnips in quarters and pare them into balls of equal size. Put them in a stewpan and cover them with good veal stock. Add a little salt, a lump of sugar, and boil them quickly until quite tender, but not at all broken. Dish them up with a rich thick white sauce poured over them.

"PUNCHESTOWN"

JUMPING A BIG BANK

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.,

has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY.

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 25 only) £3 . 3 . 0

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From harshness, chaps, and uneven redness.

It softens and nourishes the skin, prevents wrinkles, and gives velvety smoothness to the complexion. Nothing preserves the complexion better than

CRÈME SIMON

Price: Crème Simon, 2/-, 4/6-, -/9 per pot, -/9 per tube. Poudre 1/2 per box (6 shades). Savon 1/ per tablet. Wholesale: MERTENS, 65 Holborn Viaduct, LONDON E.C.1.

CRÈME SIMON

PARIS

When replying to advertisements please mention

THE BYSTANDER

to ensure prompt attention.

Mr. Leslie Henson, the famous Actor-Manager, says:—

"Beautiful ankles and legs deserve to be suitably covered in beautiful silk stockings. If you have seen my performance in 'It's a Boy' you will know that I speak with authority."

Leslie Henson

(Mr. Henson wears Jackdaw Hosiery exclusively in his female impersonation at the Strand Theatre.)

The Charm-Secret of Prettier Ankles

MADAME! Do you know that discrimination in the choice of your stockings can result in as great an improvement in the prettiness of your ankles as care in the selection of just the right hat can enhance your good looks?

This is a charm secret well-known to those women with a reputation for "making the most of themselves."

Jackdaw Stockings — *Tailored-in-Pure-Silk*—give you that wonderfully smooth fit: that beautiful elasticity: that richness and flawlessness only to be found in the *best* silk stockings.

Examine a pair of Jackdaw Stockings and note the thrill of handling such treasures. Try on a pair and see the added prettiness your ankles acquire in such skin-fitting "Tailored" daintiness.

Note the absence of seam under the foot—a comfort-point you will appreciate after an evening's dancing.

Note the fashionable, exclusive shades. And note the surprisingly low price!

Jackdaw Stockings are a dress luxury every woman can afford. Seamless 3/11. Fully-Fashioned 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11, 9/11 per pair. Obtainable almost everywhere. Should difficulty arise apply for address of nearest dealer to: Jackdaw Hosiery, Leith House, 22 Wood Street, London, E.C.2.

Jackdaw

TAILORED IN PURE SILK STOCKINGS

fully fashioned from 4/11

Samson Clark

GREY HAIR

Inecto, applied to grey hair, restores the natural colour with absolute accuracy, and leaves the hair soft and silky. In half an hour a permanent recoloration is completed which resists repeated waving or shampooing.

You can obtain this simple treatment at Inecto headquarters or at any hairdresser who specialises in Inecto recoloration.

INECTO

SALONS,

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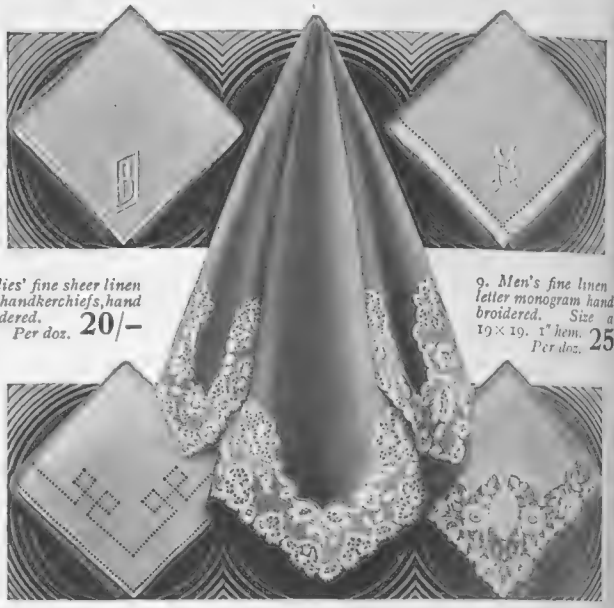
Telephone : Regent ***7931.***

GIFTS *Handkerchiefs* of IRISH LINEN



7. Ladies' fine sheer linen initial handkerchiefs, hand embroidered. Per doz. **20/-**

9. Men's fine linen two-letter monogram hand embroidered. Size about 19×19. 1" hem. Per doz. **25/9**

10. Ladies' fine sheer linen handveined hem, hand drawn border. Each **2/3**

8. Large Chiffon handkerchief for evening use, assorted shades, red, green, beige, sky, pink, helio, ivory, black. Each **5/11**

11. Ladies' fine sheer linen handkerchiefs, edged wide cream lace. Each **3/-**

Write for Xmas List, sent post free when published.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.

The Linen Hall, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Soft Velvet Hat in delightful colours.

PRICE

49/6

Sent on approval.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

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VERE STREET, LONDON, W.1

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED

WHITE

& BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS

Cuticura Soap

Protects Your Skin!

Cuticura Soap not only cleanses the skin, but it is antiseptic and healing as well. It has medicinal properties which are most beneficial to the skin—its fragrance is delightful. Try it today, and note its invigoration!

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Shaving Stick 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

THE GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*

Gossards Answer That Natural Desire to Be Superlatively Smart

FROM whatever angle you choose to test a Gossard Foundation you will not find it wanting! First in fashion, Gossards are worn all over the world by smartly dressed women. Materials chosen for their texture, tested for their durability, meet the demand for long wear. Workmanship, perfected by long experience, removes the irritating flaws found in many average foundations. Superior designing, made possible by observation in the world's fashion centres, answers the most drastic fitting requirements. The new Gossards, in all favoured styles, are now being shown.

Model 912. Gossard Solitaire in Pink Brocade, with tricot top. A design for average figures. Bust sizes, 34″ to 44″ (odd and even). Price **37/6**

We will gladly send you free, on application, a copy of our Illustrated Folder, together with name of nearest Gossard distributor.

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(WHOLESALE ONLY)

PETER ROBINSON

625. 626.

Coats and Mantles

(First Floor)

625. Coat of Lister's Pony Mohair Cloth with large collar of grey Lamb. Lined with Crêpe de Chine. Sizes: W., O.S. and X.O.S.

10 gns.

626. Coat of Lister's Pony Mohair Cloth with collar and cuffs of brown Musquash. Lined with Crêpe de Chine. Sizes: W., O.S. and X.O.S.

14 gns.

PETER ROBINSON, Ltd.,
Oxford Street & Regent Street, W.1.

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The softest light for your table is the light from "Venetian" Candles, tapering, elegant, exquisitely toned in shades to match any colour scheme.

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MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

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Old Furs taken in Part Payment for new.

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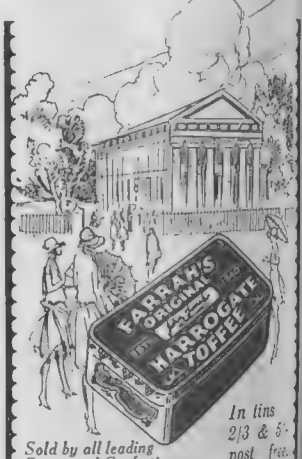
FUR RENOVATING CO.

First Floor, corner of Bow Lane. **58, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.** *'Phones:* City 0323 and 7174.

Toffee as Society knows it



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FARRAH'S Original HARROGATE TOFFEE

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Name .....

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The "COUNTYX" Country Suit

The Success of a New Creation

THE reception of the "Countyx" Country Suit provided ample proof of its utility. The skilful combination of exclusive weatherproofed feather-weight and medium-weight Tweeds provides a new mode which is ideal for all weather conditions.

For walking, travelling, sports, motoring, etc., it retains the prevailing fashion note and gives comfort, warmth and protection, without weight.

Price, as illustration, 7½ Gns.

Each genuine "Countyx" Country Suit bears the registered label.

You are invited to inspect the "Countyx" Country Suit at any of the following leading Fashion Houses :—

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WONDERFUL VALUE IN BROCHÉ VELVET TEA FROCKS

We have a wonderful variety of beautiful model Tea frocks and boudoir Wrappers which can be copied and adapted to suit customers' requirements. The Teagown Department has been removed from the first to the second floor, where the additional space and privacy affords customers every comfort and convenience while making their purchases.

ATTRACTIVE SLIP-ON TEA FROCK made from broché velvet in artistic designs and colourings: sleeveless frock cut with belt at back only, and small coatee finished with fur cuffs. In black and colours.

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In outsize 7½ gns.

Sent on approval.

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Wigmore Street (DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
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Catalogue post free.

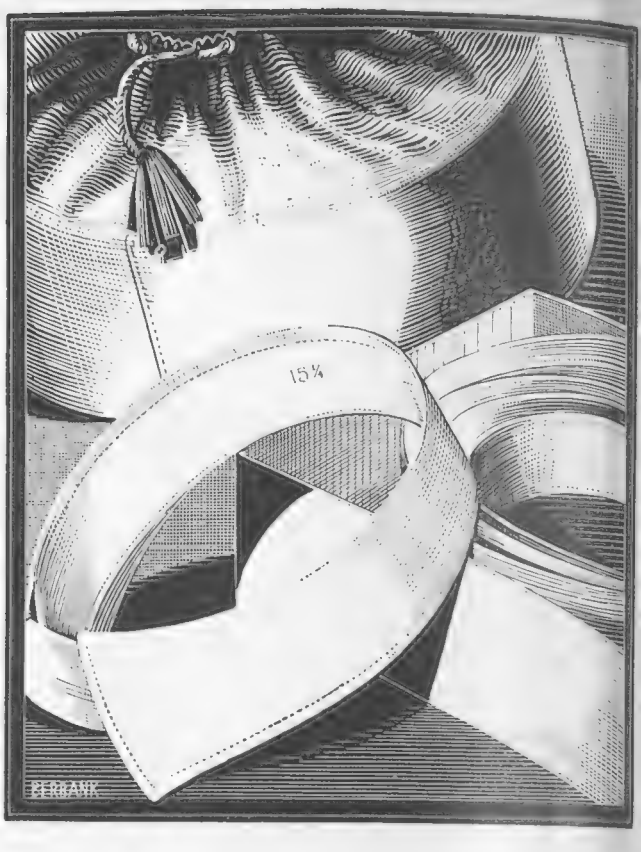
Model 9955

In new fine stripe design, trimmed reverse of material at neck, with dainty bows.

PURE CELES SILK

CELES
(PURE SILK)
LATEST MODELS

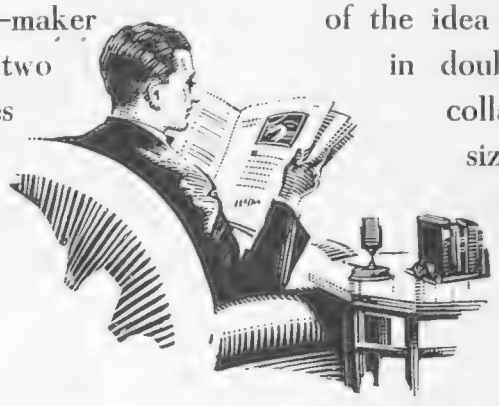
Wholesale and Export only: Douglas Dickson & Son, Ltd., 72a, Robertson Street,



Then... collars weren't noted for their *comfort!*

It was not so long ago that men could buy collars in half-inch sizes *only*. Do you remember? When your neck-size was actually $15\frac{3}{4}$ inches, the $15\frac{1}{2}$ size choked you and the 16 size gaped loosely and screwed round sideways . . . There were no "between sizes" then.

You know that all this is changed now. Changed by a go-ahead shirt-maker several years ago. He spotted two things—the need for quarter sizes in collars and the fact that collar advertising was almost unknown. And so he put quarter-size collars on the market and advertised widely, knowing that this was the only way to reach the countless thousands of men whom he knew would welcome his idea. His appeal was simple, sincere and direct.



Man was guided by this advertising to the Emancipation of his Neck. Man's response to that advertising and acceptance of the idea of quarter sizes was never in doubt. To-day, the fact of collars being available in quarter sizes is an institution without which men would not care to be. Advertising founded that institution.

To-day you wear a comfortable collar because it fits!

ADVERTISING TOLD YOU OF QUARTER-SIZE COLLAR

EXQUISITE UNDERWEAR

If you've ever regarded lovely underwear as an extravagance, visit the Ground Floor at Harvey Nichols and joyfully change your mind! Here are the daintiest and newest of garments, perfectly modelled and exquisitely made, yet happily within the reach of the modest dress allowance.

HARVEY NICHOLS *of* KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Vest and Knicker of pure silk Milanese are exquisitely trimmed with lace, embroidery, and motifs of georgette. They are made on lovely, slender lines—in Ivory and pastel shades.
Each Garment - - - - **18/11**

Princess Slip in super-quality Locknit, with dainty all-over embroidery. The clever line moulds the figure to perfection. In White, Peach, Parchment, Maize, French Beige, Fawn, Grey and Black - - - **23/9**
Knicker to match - - - **16/9**

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Exclusive Cami-bocker in Milanese, beautifully trimmed with lace. The fit is perfect—there's a deep V back and cut-away underarm. In Ivory, Black, and lovely pastel tones - - - - - **29/9**

HARVEY NICHOLS & Co. LTD. KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

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3 TIMES DAILY at 2.15—5.15—8.15 WEEK COMMENCING OCTOBER 27.
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PAUL WHITEMAN and his Band in
"KING OF JAZZ" with JOHN BOLES
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ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
When you need sunshine and comfort stay at this famous Hotel. The climate is equable, the scenery delightful and the Hotel itself the most comfortable you can find along the South Coast. Electric lift, central heating, garage, famous chef. Write for illustrated booklet.
Inclusive terms from 4½ Guineas.

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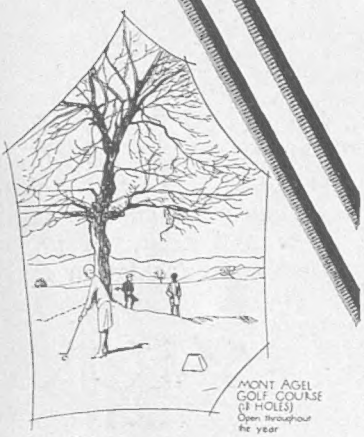

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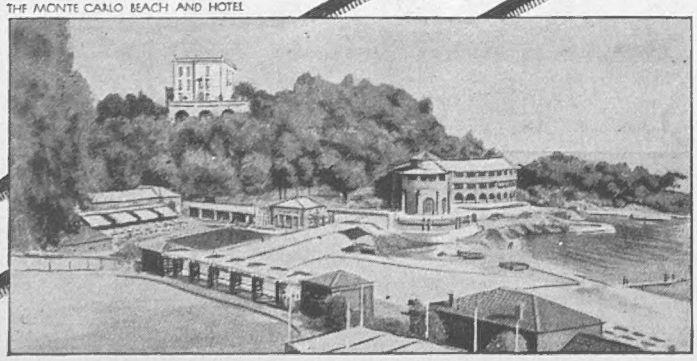

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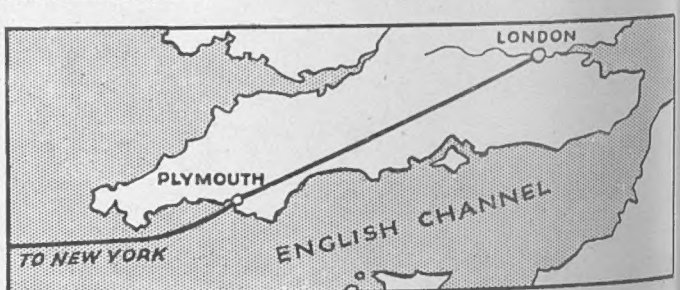

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